LAWRIE TODD;

OR,

THE SETTLERS IN THE WOODS.

BY JOHN GALT, Esq.

FAS., HON. LS, P., HON. NHS. M., &c.

AUTHOR OF "THE ANNALS OF THE PARISH,"
"THE AYRSHIRE LEGATEES," &c.

I ran it through, even from my boyish days,
Wherein I spoke of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents by flood and field,
And with it all my travel's history.

SECOND EDITION.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

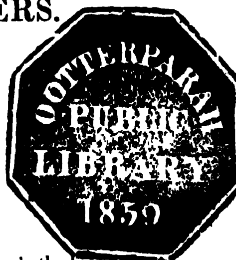
VOL. II.

LONDON:
HENRY COLBURN AND RICHARD BENTLEY,
NEW BURLINGTON STREET.
1830.

LAWRIE TODD;

OR,

THE SETTLERS.



PART IV.

CHAPTER I.

"Stop, stop! John Gilpin, here 's the house,"
They all at once do cry;
"The dinner waits, and we are tired."—
Said Gilpin, "So am I."

I HAVE now come to the fourth part of my eventful life, which shall be related with the same particularity and pains that I took with those parts which have gone before; both because the matter is of great importance in itself, and because, though fortune went prosperously with me, I was not unvisited by those vicissitudes which are vouchsafed to warn us that the world is no continued city.

Having so narrowly escaped from the perdition of the falls, the first thing I did was to returns thanks with my wife and Charles for the wonderful salvation, and we invited Mr. and Mrs. Hoskins to join in the worship, not doubting they would gladly do so. But the old lady declined, making an excuse which was singular, to the effect that she never could think of saying her prayers in the open air: her husband's reply was still more heathenish; "I ain't partikler," said he, "about praying, so you can shout away for all, while I looks at 'em water privileges?"

With that he walked down towards the bottom of the hollow into which the river was tumbling, leaving Mrs. Hoskins with us, who, although she took no audible part in the worship, sat hard by until it was over.

We then began to consider how we were to get home, and what we should do for food, the basket with our provisions having gone over the cataract with the scow and my wife's shawl. The afternoon being by this time far spent, our prospects were very disheartening, and we all began to condemn the rashness with which, without sufficient knowledge, we had ventured to explore the unknown course of a stream so

considerable, laying the blame on Mr. Hoskins for the haste with which he had given in to the scheme.

While we were churming and murmuring at our disconsolate condition, I happened to recollect the house which I had observed in the hollow below, and going to the brink of the precipice, beheld it again, and the people who had come to witness our destruction, returning down the steep and shelvy bank towards it; it was, however, on the other side of the river, and the waters under the falls, and far below the house, were boiling and raging in such a manner, that we could discern no possibility of crossing. However, a smoking chimney to such poor and hungry refugees as we then were, was a blithe sight, and I cheered up the ladies, and led the way to the winding foot-path which Mr. Hoskins had taken.

This path lay along the cornice of the precipice, which, on our side of the water, overhung the stream, and then entered the bush, which inclined with a gentle declivity towards the river. We followed its course, not doubting from its appearance, which was more and more trodden out as we advanced, that it would conduct us to some farm or tavern, where we

should find accommodation, of which my wife was greatly in need. Her indisposition had considerably impaired her strength, and the alarm we had all suffered at the risk we had run of being hurled headlong over the falls, agitated her so much, that I would have given a good something to have seen her safe home at Babelmandel; however, there is nothing like facing our disasters with bravery, and I contrived, with a little jocosity and well-timed merriment, to make the way seem short.

When we had been some time threading the mazes of the forest—as I have seen such a journey as ours described in a novelle book—we came to a pleasant open knoll, where I proposed the ladies should sit down and rest themselves, with Charles for their watch, while I went forward to see what hope there was of a ferry to enable us to cross to the house on the opposite bank.

I had not gone far from them, not more than a hundred yards, when a sudden turn of the road brought me upon the highway, and in view of a handsome new village, with elegant mills, saw and grist, a little farther down in the valley. You may be sure, though it was a pleasant sight, I did not remain long in contem-

plation looking at it. Turning round, I went and brought the ladies with me, rejoicing at the prospect of getting my poor wife some refreshment, for she was so fatigued that her feet were as heavy as if they had each, as she said, been loaded with a stone weight of iron.

Before we reached the tavern, which stood opposite to the grist-mill, I discovered Mr. Hoskins sitting under the stoop, smoking a cigar, and talking very much at his ease with a man who had a team at the mill-door; and sooth to say, considering the plight we were in, I must confess it was not just the sort of sight I expected; and so I said to him, as we drew near—may be a thought severely—

"I think, Mr. Hoskins, ye might have had a measure of compassion for the ladies."

He looked up at me drily, and said coolly, "Well, I guess, the Squire he is mighty imperial."

"No, Mr. Hoskins, I am only considerate. There is aunty, your own wife, a wearied woman, and mine, your niece, just ready to drop with fatigue where she stands."

"I reckon 'there be chairs considerable in the house," and he took the cigar from his lips, and knapped off the ashes on his left thumb-

nail, without being in any degree moved. The way he said and did this was drollish and peculiar, and it so took my sails aback, that without making any answer, I conducted the ladies into the house, and put them under the care of the landlady, Mrs. Petrekins, a quiet, stirring, motherly-looking personage, not unlike a bein Scotch wife, save that she wore neither cap nor mutch.

I then began to bustle about to get something of a dinner prepared, but, to my surprise, all this was previously ordered by Mr. Hoskins, who knowing we should be in want, had, on his first reaching the house, given the necessary directions; so that when I returned out-of-doors to him, where he was smoking under the stoop, he looked at me very knowingly, saying,

"Well, I ha' been acalculating that the Squire has run foul of a consternation: he sees there be corn in Egypt."

"Yes, you may say that," replied I; "and a Joseph too," which jocularity made all square: so that, while dinner was cooking, the old gentleman and I had a very satisfactory conversation, the ladies in the mean time taking their repose.

It appeared that the farmer, with whom Mr.

Hoskins was conversing when we came up to the house, lived within a few miles of Julius Cæsar's town, as the village was called, and was well acquainted with the whole country-side; from him he learned that we were upwards of thirty miles from Babelmandel, so swiftly and insensibly had the current brought us down.

The thought of being thirty miles from home, through the forest, was serious and alarming, especially when I reflected on the infirmities of my wife, and that Mrs. Hoskins was rather too well stricken in years to travel such a distance on foot. However, for the then present time, we had great reason to rejoice. The tavern at Julius Cæsar's town was in that part of the country for plain comforts the best; and we learned from the millers, that we should find no difficulty in obtaining among the teamsters bringing wheat to be grinded, conveyances almost daily to Olympus, and that some of them would, doubtless, readily enough, contract to carry us on to home. So that, although the day began with Mr. Waft's ill omen, and that our escape from destruction was truly miraculous, we yet spent a happy afternoon; dangers were forgotten, and Mr. Hoskins was mightily pleased with his discoveries on the river; congratulating him-

self not a little in having deferred the raising of his house until he had ascertained, what he suspected, that if the location of Babelmandel would serve, it was not the cleverest which might have been had among so many water privileges, as were to be found on the river.

"The Squire," said he to me, opening his mind, and acquainting me with the scope of the calculations on which he had been so long in his solitary rambles engaged; "the Squire, I guess, has had nothing of no knowledge 'bout 'splorificationing the creek, by which we were all as nigh going to pot as nothing; but if so be, as he recollects that 'ere 'tarnation rapid, where the tree teached him as how his head wa'n't a bit too thick, I'd say to the gentleman, Squire, does the Squire know what I would say? if he don't, as I reckon he does't, I'll tell him. That's the lot for my money. By the harp of David, and the dulcimers of Solomon's concubines! 'there isn't such another location for a village between it and them here falls in all New York State; and if so be, as how, money can buy it, you shall see a swap, when we gets to the Agent's land-store at 'Lympus."

It could not but be allowed that the situa-



tion was one of the choicest for mill-seats in the whole course of the thirty miles we had come down the river; but what the old man intended by buying it, for such a purpose, perplexed me, for it could be considered only as a place that at some distant day might become valuable. He, however, gave me no satisfactory answer, although I said as much to him; but he nodded, and lighting a fresh cigar, looked at me, and gave me by his eye to understand that he had secret thoughts worth knowing on the subject.

Nothing farther then passed, the evening had set in, and Mrs. Hoskins was anxious, on my wife's account, that we should retire early for the night. As the advice was rational, and seconded by the solicitations of weariness in my own limbs, I proposed to adopt it, leaving the Squire in the stoop to make his calculations with the rising moon; but just as I was moving towards the bar-room door, having made my *congees* to him for the night, he lifted his legs from off the railing of the stoop, over which he had laid them as he sat in the swinging chair,—and placing his feet on the floor, he slowly rose, and coming towards me, laid his hand upon my shoulder, and said,

"One ox is worth two women in a 'splorifi-

cation, and that isn't much; but I guess, were the Squire to say, boy, hire team, and take 'em 'ere old 'uns to 'Lympus, he'd do properly right; for then he, the Squire, and I, could scale the river, and make observes as spry as frogs — make it a compass again the morning." So, without saying more, he went back to his seat, lifted his feet upon the rail, and looking at the moon, began to smoke and ruminate like a philosopher.

CHAPTER II.

And now my days are number'd on the earth;
Before that moon shall set, below the throne
Must stand the soul of her who speaks to thee!

Now my wife was one of those quiet, nocturnal women who never talk after they have laid their heads on the pillow, but compose themselves for the embraces of Morpheus. On this night, however, it happened that the events of the day, and particularly the dreadful danger we had escaped, took wakeful possession of her serene faculties, and she was wonderfully disposed to be conversational; whereas, I had much to think of, and was not inclined to be communicative. There was, however, one short question which she put to me, that I could not but answer.

"What," said she, "can my uncle mean by bringing us to these forlorn and wilderness parts? His wife, my aunt, cannot dive into

his intents, and yet it is a moral certainty, that he would never have been at the expense of this voyage of discovery, had he not a making-of-money purpose in view."

The only answer I could give, was what I gave: I acknowledged myself of her opinion, adding, "But as he has made no explanation of his intents, I am not in a condition to satisfy your curiosity; no doubt I, however, shall, for you and Charles, with Mrs. Hoskins, are to go by one of the teams to-morrow homeward by Olympus, whilst the old gentleman and I thread back through the mazes of the wood."

"You may do, Lawrie Todd, as you think fit; but from this house I will never stir, until I know the meaning of such mystical meanderings," was her reply.

I reasoned with her against this unreasonableness, and spoke soft and persuasive language, doing every thing I could besides to subdue her to that moderation and common sense which were the graces of her character; but she was not to be so converted—so I turned my face to the other side of the bed, and gave no farther heed to her colloquies.

Scarcely had I taken this new position, when I heard a whispering close by, and a low sound

of controversy between a man and a woman; and who were they, but Mr. and Mrs. Hoskins, in the next room, with only a deal partition between them and us. By and by, either the house grew stiller, or they spoke louder: I heard what they were about perfectly plain, which was much to the same purpose as the confabble that had passed between my wife and me, insomuch that it seemed as if the two ladies had put their heads together to get at the secrets of their husbands. However, I could learn from what had passed, that Mrs. Hoskins came as little speed as my wife had done, and that she was equally determined not to budge from Julius Cæsar's town, until her curiosity was appeased.

Mr. Hoskins was one of those fortified and downright characters, who always, by hook or by crook, have their own way in all things. He was not of a conciliating nature like me; who, if a matter was to be won, would rather gain it by soft handling, than by the potency of wilfulness backed by right: so, having heard what passed between Mrs. Hoskins and him, I resolved to let him have the management of the business in the morning.

But my wife continued to talk, and grew

restless, and came over and over the same thing so often, that I began to fear her head was turned — and so it proved to be; for, long before the dawn of day, she was in a burning fever, and we were all afoot to pacify her, and calm the dread and perturbation she was in, that if I stayed so near the falls, they would come down and overwhelm me, so much had the terror—the risk we had run, become uppermost in her mind. It was most distressing to hear the fantasies with which the poor soul was beset concerning them.

To think of moving her in the morning, in such a state, both humanity and Dr. Phials, the medical man of the village, forbade; and to leave her, while I returned through the woods to Babelmandel with Mr. Hoskins, as he had proposed, was equally contrary to nature. So I made up my mind to stay with her, and it was so concerted that Charles should go with Mrs. Hoskins to Olympus, by one of the teams from the mill, and get a waggon there to take her home to Babelmandel, where the two young girls could not but be in want of a head, and the store was no doubt suffering by my absence.

Mr. Hoskins assented to this arrangement

with more compliancy than I expected; indeed, when matters came to a necessity, he was not an unreasonable man: moreover, he had been all that morning "splorifying," as he called it, about the fall, and was well content to remain a day or two, until his curiosity was satisfied. As for me, I was so taken up with the illness of the mother of my children, that I could turn my thoughts on nothing but her suffering, and the desolation which would fall upon my house, if it was ordained she was then to be taken away —alas! it was so ordained.

The fever continued to rise, and on the morning of the fourth day after the departure of Charles and Mr. Hoskins, Dr. Phials, the medical man, warned me to look for the worst. Although I had watched the progress of the calamity with an apprehensive heart and an eager eye, I was yet greatly shocked at hearing this, and spoke to her uncle about getting the family brought to see her; but he would not hear of it; because of its uselessness, and the expense. He was a man that had more consideration for the common sense of matters and things, than for delicate sensibilities. But for all that he had a sterling heart, and did every thing in his power to lighten my anxiety.

"I ain't," said he, "slick at the gruelling of sick folks, but I can ride and fetch doctor's stuffs," as he really did; for, one morning, he borrowed a horse from Mr. Hopper, the miller, and rode seventeen miles for a supply of Jesuits' bark, which could not be obtained nearer; and he waited on, with great patience, to see the upshot of the fever, saying but little to me of his projects while the life remained.

At last, the signals of dissolution began to increase, and hope was banished; but I will not ask the courteous reader to partake of my distress, though an inward and parental sorrow it was, causing me to grieve more on account of the helplessness in which my two young daughters were to be left motherless, than for the loss I was myself to experience. It was not like the anguish that pierced my heart with barbed shafts, when the beautiful spirit of the beloved Rebecca was wafted away into the regions of light and love; but it was a black and heavy sense of a calamity, admonishing me to summon up my fortitude, and to bow the head of resignation to the will of Him that giveth and taketh away.

The time of departure was visibly come. It was about two hours after sunset. The patient

wrestled strongly against being carried so suddenly away, for she knew her condition, and often in her struggles cried piteously for her children, stretching out her arms as if she saw them standing by. Hers, indeed, was a parent's heart; and the landlady, being of the Methodist line, was disturbed that she should seem to think more of her forlorn daughters, than of the glories of the paradise on which she herself was about to enter; but Mrs. Petrekins had never been a mother.

Sometimes the victorious adversary of life paused, as if wearied with the contest, and prostrate nature on those occasions seemed to rally, but the intervals of respite grew shorter and shorter. The helps were no longer administered, for they could not mitigate her sufferings. We stood round the bed watching and silent, as feebler and feebler the flashes of the burnt-out candle were sinking in the socket.

With the last, she turned to the old man, saying, "Be kind to my babies," and drawing a long deep sigh, lay still for ever.

During all this time Mr. Hoskins stood on the side of the bed opposite to me, looking calmly on; his countenance was unmoved; and once or twice, when I chanced to turn my eyes

towards him, he appeared so cool and phlegmatical, that I felt a pang in my heart, to think her nearest kinsman, on such an occasion, should be so heartless.

All being over, Mrs. Petrekins, the landlady, with another woman whom I had procured to assist, reminded me that we ought to leave the room to them, and I accordingly moved to retire; but the old man, not having heard them, remained still looking steadily, but with the same seeming indifference, upon the body.

"Sir," said Mrs. Petrekins aloud, "it is necessary that for a time we should have the room cleared," and she went round and touched him on the arm.

It was like electricity; it roused him from his stupor with a shudder, and caused him to step two paces backward; in the same moment he turned his eye wildly on me, and burst into a violent flood of tears.

The sight of that wooden old man, as I had often spoken of him in jocularity, weeping like a woman, and fondling over the face of the corpse with his hand, as if he had been an innocent child gently trying to awaken its sleeping nurse, surprised me with inexpressible grief. Till that

time, I had been enabled to preserve my self-possession, and to witness the progress of the dispensation with resolute tranquillity; but such tenderness, so suddenly discovered in that dry bosom, overwhelmed my fortitude, and forced me also to weep. The women, with the wonted sympathy of their sex, were no less affected. It was some time, and not without remonstrance and entreaty, that they at last succeeded in leading the sorrowful old man away.

CHAPTER III.

Thus generations pass away—
'Tis renovation and decay,
'Tis childhood and old age:—
Like figures in the wizard's glass,
In long succession on we pass,
Act our brief parts, and then, alas!
Are swept from off the stage!

MR. HOSKINS retired immediately to his own chamber, and I saw no more of him that night, nor was I willing to have had discourse then with him, or with any other person; so I walked out into the open air, and, in the view of the moon and the heavenly host, offered the homage of a resigned spirit.

It was a holy night; a sweet breathing of the soft west wind just so stirred the leaves that they twinkled in the moonlight; the sound of the distant falls came swelling with alternate pauses, through the silent air, as if the wilder-

ness had received a voice, and the solemn tinkling of the cow-bells from the woods, awakened pious thoughts and sabbath recollections—the remembrance of my mother's grave, and the hopes of my father's prayers;—it was a holy and a beautiful night.

Having strolled some two or three hundred paces, I returned towards the house, ruminating on the misfortune which had befallen my young family, and thankful that, great as it was, it yet bred in me no repining; for, in turning the heart of Mr. Hoskins to take up his residence near us, it seemed that Providence had provided a mother for my daughters in his excellent wife, having in its wonderful ways seen meet to remove their own, untimely, from them.

In this composed frame of mind, I sat down on the swinging chair in the stoop, and laying the reins on the neck of reason, ruminated on all that had befallen me from the time I had left my father's house. The old man was then still living, and, but a day before we embarked in the scow, I had written to him of the cheering prospects which had again opened to me, and of the blessings that were budding around me:—I had now matter for another tale.

While I was thus sitting, mournful, but not

unthankful, I heard the voices of travellers coming towards the tavern, and being desirous that our solemn decorum should not be broken in upon by ill-timed mirth, I went into the bar-room, and requested the landlord to receive the travellers sedately, and to let them know that death was in the house; but before I had well done this, the door was opened, and in came my eldest son Robin.

I was glad to see him, but surprised that he should have thought of leaving the store, the more especially as my wife was not his mother, he being the son of Rebecca; but his sisters, as well as Mrs. Hoskins, had become very anxious and uneasy about us, and, to satisfy them, he had come with Mr. Waft.

"Mr. Waft!" cried I, in alarm. "What has brought that tormenting man here? I hope you will prevent him from breaking in upon me at such a time. Did your brother tell you of his evil boding? Have you heard what his dream was about?—" and I paused for a moment, under a feeling of dread—for from the time we escaped the falls, I had ceased to think of his ominous admonitions, and yet our miraculous preservation ought to have made me remark it with solemnity;—verily, in the death

of my poor wife, there was cause for me to meditate on his boding.

The boy informed me, that he believed Mr. Waft had little else to do in the journey than to gratify his curiosity—and of his dream he had heard no more than that, on the morning when we left Babelmandel, he had seen something in his sleep, which had disturbed him concerning us.

I was really afflicted at the thought of that man being so near when I had my hands so full of death and sorrow; and yet I ought not to have been so, for his coming drew away my mind from my troubles; and in the end, the Lord was pleased to rebuke me for the prejudice I had taken against him, by making his presence a help we could ill have done without.

However, I eschewed him for that night; and having recommended Robin to the landlord for some refreshment, I returned to the chamber where the body was laid out, and took my seat at the far side of the bed, behind the curtains, to watch it for the night.

As I had been up three successive nights, and had not for three four-and-twenty hours any regular rest, but only snatches of sleep, as I happened at times during the day to get a

little leisure to sit down, I was not long in my place until my eyelids grew heavy, and I fell into a halfling sort of slumber. In this state I had probably sat a full half hour—it might have been longer—when I was roused by the door being slowly opened. In came Mr. Waft, with long tip-toe stealthy strides, holding up his hand, and shaking it softly to some one following, whom I presently discovered to be Robin. They were coming in to look at the body, not knowing any one was in the room, and little suspecting who was sitting behind the curtain.

Awe of the presence of death, and the sable hue of my own thoughts, disposed me to remain quiet, and to take no heed of their intrusion. Accordingly, I leant back in my chair, resting my head against the wall, expecting they would soon leave the room; but in this I was mistaken. Mr. Waft took a general survey of the manner in which the corpse was laid out, showing Robin wherein the American fashion of laying out the dead was different from that of Paisley; while he, poor lad, who had a great affection for his stepmother,—having indeed never found her such,—was moving about the room with his heart full and his eyes overflow-

ing. At last the meddling bodie drew near to the corpse, and lifting up the napkin that was spread over the face, said, "Heh, Sirs! but death's dismal; yet for all that she's a bonny corpse, and of a lively colour."

I really could suffer no more, so I looked from behind the curtain, and said, with the voice of authority, "Let her alone, and get about your business."

Never got mortal man such a fright. He dropped the napkin, and staggering back, fell into a chair, bereft alike of power and of utterance. I was obliged to call for help, and to get cold water to sprinkle on his face, and burnt feathers to titilate his nostrils, before he could be removed into another room.

I need not say this was a trial of its kind, and the fright which he so well deserved was not the worst of it; for, although no sensible laddie could have more respect for his own mother than Robin Todd had for the deceased, there had been something so comical in the terrification of Mr. Waft, that the poor boy could not refrain from laughing when he thought of it; so that every now and then, even while the tears were running down his cheeks, and his bosom was like to burst with

sobbing, a sudden recollection of what he had seen would overcome him, and cause his sob to change into a most irreverent neigher that was heart-breaking to hear.

However, as I have said, there was no reason in the end to regret Mr. Waft's visit, ill-timed as I thought it; for next morning, being Sunday, all the men about the mill, as well as every carpenter in the village, indeed a great majority of the inhabitants, had set out early to hear an Anabaptist minister, who was to preach that day at another settlement upwards of seven miles off; nobody, in consequence, could be found to make a coffin. Mr. Hoskins, who had a ready hand for every odd turn, said he would do it,—but when he attempted, on this occasion to try, sorrow again overcame him, and obliged him to retire to his own room.

I could not have thought it was possible for him to feel as he felt, and reviled myself as hard-hearted, when I saw how much deeper the stroke had struck him than it did me.

In this crisis, Mr. Waft came with the offer of his service, and I never was more surprised in my life than at seeing the dexterity with which he put the planks together, for I had somehow set him down as a thriftless and do-



nothing creature. I was still more so at seeing how he made blacking for the outside, with soot and the white of eggs, till the coffin was as respectable in every point as if it had been made by a cabinet-maker in a borough town. He had learnt this sleight in a Yankee family, with whom he had stopped in coming up the country, and in which a death had taken place.

When the folk came home from the preaching, the funeral was performed, in which Mr. Waft was also of great use; indeed, I know not how we could have done without him, for he dug the grave as well as if he had been the deacon of the sextons, and saw every thing fulfilled in a most complete manner.

CHAPTER IV.

Now let 's to business.

ON the morning after the funeral, Robin with Mr. Waft returned to Babelmandel by the way of Olympus, and Mr. Hoskins and I went to examine the land between the rapids where I was swung upon the tree, and the great falls where we had so nearly all perished. It was a space somewhat more than two miles in extent along the river, and the more it was examined, the old man was the better pleased with it.

In the course of this "splorification," I was well instructed by the fatigue and trouble I had in climbing over the trunks of fallen trees, and finding a way through the swales and swamps, that I had not been ordained for the hardships of a backwood life. Mr. Hoskins, who was by many years my senior, did not suffer the tenth part that I did, usage and longer limbs made him fitter for the business.

The examination of the land took up the better part of two days, and obliged us to spend a night under the starry tester of the heavens, with but the green leaves of the forest for our bed-curtains. Upon reflection, feeling the deficiency of strength in my limbs, which had been my infirmity from childhood, I resolved to stick to the store, and to leave to robuster adventurers the outdoor toils of the new settlement. The purpose of Mr. Hoskins, on deciding to make a spec of that location, was to lay out a town, and to invite settlers by liberal temptations, counting I would take charge of it; but in that he had reckoned too fast. He was not, however, displeased with me for declining the proposal, as I partly expected he would; on the contrary, he assented to the justness of my objection, and only requested me to give what help I could occasionally in the way of advice; for by this time he began to entertain a high opinion of my judgment. All this was arranged in a satisfactory and friendly manner between us as we returned to Julius Cæsar-town, where, having rested ourselves another night, we set out next morning, with a team from the mill, for Olympus, to settle with the agent for the purchase of the land.

The bargain was soon struck, for so many

things had gone awry at Babelmandel, or had turned out so different from what was expected, that the agent was but little disposed to undertake new settlements; while willing to encourage others, well knowing the immediate effect which the plantation of a village has in raising the value of the adjacent lands.

The agent, when the bargain was concluded, recollecting how I had managed in the difficulties about the provisions at Babelmandel, proposed that I should become sub for him there, and take charge of the sale of the land around, and in the township where Mr. Hoskins had made his purchase. His offer at first was, that I should work on commission in shares with himself; but I begged he would give me the afternoon to think of it; not that I had any cause to hesitate, in as much as the business would bring in sure money without risk; but it came into my head, as we were conversing concerning it, that I might do better, and therefore I wished for time to consult Mr. Hoskins in a quiet way by ourselves.

The old man having settled the business, we left the land-office together, and as soon as we were upon the road going towards Nacket's tavern, where we had previously ordered a snack,

he said to me in a brisker manner than I had ever noticed before—

"An't the Squire a cloud-riding, that he won't have nothing at all with 'at 'ere liberality? I guess, the agent was blessed civil a considerable some."

"I doubt, Sir," replied I, "you have mistaken my intent. I did not positively refuse to accept the business; I was only desirous of having some talk on the subject with you."

"Well, if so be, I shan't say a bottomless-pit word 'bout it, but at so good a thing to shilly-shally! I an't partikler 'clesiasticus."

"Ye're far wrong, Mr. Hoskins; I have no hesitation, but only I think that, maybe, there is a way to make a better o't."

"Hem!" said the old man.

"Yes;" continued I, "don't you think it might be better for me, were I to contract with the agent for, we shall say, ten or twenty thousand acres at a certain price?"

"Hem!" said Mr. Hoskins.

"In that case, he being agreeable, all above the contract price would be my own profit."

"Hem!—hem!—hoo!" cried Mr. Hoskins, "I spy a deer—I smell a rat!"

"For you see," resumed I, not noticing his

interjections, "with your settlement, and Babel-mandel, and Julius Cæsar-town, the land will soon be doubled in value; so that were he to assign me a block or two at a reasonable rate, payable as I took it up, that is, as I sold it, I might—"

"By Jacob's spotted calves!" cried the old man, with a most unusual vehemence for him—"the Squire would make a fortune in less time than Dick the Cobbler takes to top-piece an old shoe. What Israelite put him up to such a spec?"

In short, after some farther deliberation, Mr. Hoskins, being quite delighted with the bravery of my notion, when we had taken our snack, and had rested ourselves, discoursing of the venture, it was agreed between us, that I should propose for ten thousand acres at the same price he had paid for his land; and that, if the agent showed a disposition to bite, then the old man was to strike in and make game of me, for being faint-hearted, in not engaging to take twenty thousand.

By this time it was almost sunset, so, as there is nothing like finishing the nail while the iron's hot, we went back to the land office, to come to a conclusion, in order that we might be en-

abled to set out for home by daybreak in the morning.

The job speeded as well as could be expected; the agent was, at first, somewhat surprised at the extent of my proposed undertaking; but when he heard how the old Yankee made light of it, and jeered me for being so faint-hearted, he came wonderfully round, and in the end he consented to give me the pre-emption of twenty thousand acres, at a dollar and twenty cents per acre, for five years, which was five cents an acre less than Mr. Hoskins had paid for his five hundred.

Had the old man himself made all the amount of the value in profit hard in hand, he could not have been more pleased, so well did he think of the bargain, and of "the handsome ability," as he called it, which I had shown in the business, taking some credit to himself, too, for the part he had played.

"That 'ere scow," said he, "which went overboard into the whale's belly, at 'em 'tarnation falls, wasn't no bad concern neither; for I reckon, had it not been, we hadn't com'd, and if we hadn't com'd, the Squire hadn't calculated 'at 'ere spec; and, therefore, I says, if by it he has lost a good wife, has he not gained a s'plash-

ing fortune, which is to a widower better than cocktail for consolation."

"I doubt, my worthy Sir, I have loaded the ass with a heavier burden than he can carry," was my humble reply; for when I thought on the boldness of the undertaking, qualms of fear rose about my heart, and every now and then the reflection of going home to a motherless family, came like the cold blasts of the east wind, and saddened my spirit, which caused the road between Olympus and Babelmandel to seem deeper and heavier in the travelling, than it had ever done before. But for all that, we had intervals of comfortable conversation; and among other schemes which we considered for the better managing of our increasing concerns, it was agreed that I should send Robin, as soon as possible, to an office in New York, to learn the mystery of book-keeping properly; for as Mr. Herbert, our excellent school-master, said, when we consulted him on the subject, the art, though but a servant of business, is yet necessary, and the slights of it cannot be learned so well from precept as by practice.

On the meeting between me and my children, I must shut the door. They mourned and lamented their loss with the sorrow of uncorrupted

affection, but the mild and kind Mrs. Hoskins had a great deal to do before she could assuage the tears of my eldest daughter. However, time, the curer of wounds, with the salve of gentle treatment, has seldom an obdurate case in the young heart. Mrs. Hoskins so well performed the mother's part, that I am bound to acknowledge, there was less missing of my wife than could have been supposed possible. Thus it came to pass, before Robin was rigged out for his journey to New York, we began to think but lightly of our misfortune; for in making preparations for his outfit, the females had their hands full; and both Mr. Hoskins and myself, with the store, the land, and in concerting the means of making a beginning with the new settlement, had, as he remarked, as much to cook for the Devil, as Nebuchadnezzar had at the building of Babylon.

CHAPTER V.

What 's in a name?—the rose,
By any other name, would smell as sweet.

In the midst of all the bustle and to-do which so many things occasioned, as the old man and I were one evening sitting cheerfully on the bench at the door, conversing of what was to be done, that affliction, Mr. Waft, came with his peering eyes, and sat down unbidden beside us.

"Weel, gentlemen," said he, "I have been long wishing to fall in with you when you had half an hour to spare for conversation, but ye are always so constantly busy, making money, as I hear, that I begin to doubt if it's ordained ever to be, or come to pass. No' that there 's any thing particularly pressing in what I had to say, farther than to indulge a wee wishee I have in the corner of my bosom, to know the name ye intend to bestow on that capital city, every

body says ye are going to build. I have been thinking that Hoskinsville would be pretty and poetical; but this afternoon Mr. Herbert, the schoolmaster, has put a new one into my head — don't you think Todopolis would be prima?"

I could discern by the way in which Mr. Hoskins bit his lip, though his visage was unchanged, that he was in high dudgeon at this impudence: for myself, I was frying.

"You never were farther astray in your whole life, Mr. Waft," said I; "what could lead you to think we were two such fools as to call cities after our own names?—no, no, we 're of soberer imaginings. It 's to be called Nineveh."

There never had been such a thought between us; I just said so, I cannot tell wherefore, to set the conjectures of the meddling bodie on another tack; but scarcely had I uttered the word, when Mr. Hoskins, taking the cigar he was smoking from his mouth, and striking off the ashes on the edge of the bench, said,—

"Néenivye! well, I guess, that might be pretty partikler popular too—yes! It might serve—no bad settler's trap would be 'at 'ere Neenivye; but I was a calculating that Samary would do

better, for there ain't yet no Samary in all York State."

To hear him speak in this manner, was to me an amazement; and I began to think, surely he had some conspiracy with the bodie Waft, to give it a name that would vex me; for nothing molested me so much as that Yankee fashion of calling new settlements, without rhyme or reason, by sacred scriptural names, and words of Greek and Roman heathenry. I thereupon said sharply, that Wafton would be much more to the purpose.

"I'm very much obliged to you," replied the pestilence, as if I had been in earnest, "but I was coveting no such honour."

"By Jerusalem and Jericho!" cried Mr. Hoskins, "Wafton is a very recommendatory name—not another of the same in all the map. I thanks the Squire for the hint, I does."

This was enough to provoke the elect; and I said, "Surely, Mr. Hoskins, ye're by yourself, to think for a moment of calling the settlement Wafton! Take my word for it, if you do so, it will soon be Waff-enough."

"Well, Squire, and what shall I call it?"

"Any thing," cried I; for I was nettled, having a suspicion that the old man was play-

ing his cards into the hands of that torment, whom I never could make out to be in jest or earnest.

"Nay, Mr. Todd," said the tormentor, "*Any-thing* would be a most extraordinary name for a town; and a town too, that ye no doubt intend shall be a metropolitan. If I might lay in a word, I would have you, Mr. Todd, to reconsider that verdict. What do ye think of—"

"I think of nothing!" was my tart answer, before he had finished his speech. I then rose from the bench, and went round to the other side of the house; but I saw, in turning the corner, Mr. Waft holding his forefinger up at the side of his nose, and winking in a queer, familiar tone, to Mr. Hoskins, as if he had dared to make a sport of me; but Mr. Hoskins was a sedate, sensible man, and saw cause neither for mirth or mischief, in the conversation that had passed, for presently he called on me by name to return, and the bailie, as he was commonly titled by the Scotch settlers, walked away.

"Well, I guess," said the old man, "the Squire is considerable jumbled by that 'ere propositioner; but he needn't be none afeard;

I won't call the settlement after him: we must, however, call it something melodious and inviting to stranger-folk, for 'pend upon 't, a name ain't nothing to be sneezed at. There is Manlius-four-corners; nobody who hath regard for his lips, will settle there, if he must often tell where he lives in cold weather. But I have been aground afore for a name to our settlement —what think you of Volcano? I guess it will sound sweetly."

"My dear Sir," was my solid answer, "Volcano will never do at all: that 's the name of a burning mountain!"

"And why mayn't it be the name of a village too? I 'll have it Volcano."

"I should as soon have expected you would have called it Arthur's Seat."

"That 's the name of a chair," was his ready answer; "and therefore it shall be Volcano, which flows like molasses in the mouth, and will be easily written by settlers in their letters, many of them not being college-learn'd."

It may be thought by the courteous reader that all this ado about a name was a weak conceit, and so thought I; but small things are great things to little men, and therefore I submitted, being minded to say no more on the

subject. The better sense, however, of Mr. Hoskins returned to him in the course of the night, and when he came to me at the store in the morning, he began to lament that there had been such a controversy between us about the name, justly laying all the blame on Bailie Waft, whose disposition to scald his lips in other folks' kail, was the most notour thing in the settlement.

I agreed entirely with him as to the meddling character of the bailie, and regretted exceedingly that there was no way of laying him under a restraint. "But, Mr. Hoskins, what 's the name you have thought upon at last?"

He made me no answer for the space of a minute or more, then looking me steadfastly in the face, "Let it be called Judiville, for your wife that is dead and gone:"—and it was so called accordingly, Judith being her christian appellation.

CHAPTER VI.

He hath done that to spite me –
Let him look to 't.

In the mean time, the necessary preparations were going on for laying the foundation of Judiville, and roads were planned to open the tract assigned to me for settlement. The store was prospering exceedingly, so far beyond expectation, that both Mr. Hoskins and I had great reason to rejoice and be thankful; but I observed a curious change come upon his character, or rather a remarkable breaking out of nature, when he reflected at leisure on the advantageous bargain I had made with the agent for the twenty thousand acres.

I have told enough about the old man to show he was far from being avaricious, and certainly not envious; on the contrary, I have known few more disposed to help a friend; but he was jealous of being outdone in business, and when any apprehension of that sort came across

his mind, he was apt to become obstinate and insensible to reasonable remonstrance. Thus, it so happened that he took into his head I had schemed the agreement with the agent from the time he had told me of his design of locating a town between the two great water privileges of the river, and was making his speculation subservient to my own.

Nothing could be more unjust than this suspicion, for it was not until after he had agreed for the purchase of his land, that the agent made me the proposal to act as his sub at Babelmandel; and it was not until the proposal had been discussed at some length that the thought of contracting for the land entered my head. Moreover, it was not until at least ten days after our return home, when I happened to suggest that a bridle-path through the forest from the road leading to Olympus into his purchase would be beneficial to his speculation, that the idea took possession of his own fancy, that I was making him an instrument for my own particular profit. It is true, the path would have laid open a considerable portion of my pre-emption, and I should have been benefited in consequence, but I declare on my conscience I had no such view in offering the suggestion. How-

ever, the suspicion being once planted, was not easily unrooted; and in this instance it proved as injurious to himself as to me; for rather than lay out the path proposed, he chose a circuitous line, which cost him more money, and brought the lands of another tract into competition with mine, thereby greatly blighting my reasonable hopes—nor could he be made sensible of his error, until certain speculators from Albany came and purchased the tract adjoining to his, comprehending the water privileges of those rapids where I was left clasping the tree.

But it had pleased God, in giving him that perversity of character, to implant in him likewise a ready disposition to correct an error whenever he found himself in the wrong. Accordingly, as soon as he saw the Albany jobbers, making preparations for building a bridge to cross the river, in order to lead a road into the road to Olympus, just as I had suggested, he came to me in the store, and said,

"Well, I guess, Squire, the old man has been again an obstinacious fool. Had I not been as everlasting obstinacious as a pine stump, I 'd 'a followed your counselling, and made 'at 'ere bridle-path; but I'll make up for it; we shall cut right away a neat and glorious road, sheer

through the body of your spec, and into the heart of mine, smack as a rifle bullet."

And with his habitual activity, the very next morning he set the work agoing, I having agreed on my part to allow towards it twenty-five cents per acre, above two dollars per acre, if I could get as much on the lots I could sell along the sides of it within the first year. Thus it came to pass, that in the course of three months, two spacious and capital roads were cut through the heart of my speculation, by which the value of the land was at once doubled, so that, although I had realized nothing, I was made at once a man of good property. There is indeed no way of raising the value of wild land, but by making it accessible. The forest is a raw material, and it must be manufactured for the market before you can hope to make profit.

The jobbers from Albany were to the full as active as Mr. Hoskins, and as they laid out more money in clearing their town plot, and in building a noble tavern, than he could afford to do, their settlement shot ahead at a great rate. Before the season was over, it began to look something like a town, to the disquiet of the old man, who could never forgive himself for

the unworthy jealousy which had caused him to reject my advice, by which he had benefited those of his rivals.

And here I ought to point out to the courteous reader, the very remarkable manner in which Providence was pleased to turn the issues of his wrongous suspicions to my advantage: not only were the two roads opened, but from a sense of penitence for his injustice, he enlarged his confidence in me, and began to give me credit for more sagacity in the way of proceeding with a new settlement, than he thought any body, not an American, could possess. I had myself no pretension to any superiority, for my system was to do nothing until there was a manifest convenience and advantage to be gained by it; and thus it came to pass, by acting upon that abstemious rule, I acquired the great benefit of the roads, by which, in the course of the first twelve months, I sold as much land, besides paying uncle Hoskins three hundred dollars to account of the roads, as brought clear profit to myself of more than six thousand, with good and reasonable causes to expect an increase in the course of next season.

But in stating so much here, I am proceeding too fast, for neither the roads nor the set-

tlement of Napoleon (as the Albanian Company called their town), were begun before Robin left us for New York; it would therefore be more fitting to suspend the narrative of our prosperity, and to relate the festivities we enjoyed in laying the foundation of Judiville, which the old man made a point of doing before the lad's departure.

I was the more surprised that he should have been so particular about this matter, for although Robin was a great favourite with him, yet it is not much of a Yankee custom to be ceremonious about such an event as that of a youth going for the first time from home into the world. Had the thought arisen with me, it would have occasioned no surprise amongst us; for I have all my life been a great observer of solemn days and anniversaries, especially of such as bring to mind langsyne recollections of merry friends who have been long asleep under the green blanket of the cold churchyard. But being the old man's voluntary suggestion, it gave us all inordinate delight, and perhaps I was the only one of the whole party who thought one of the guests might have been spared, that was the plague of my life, John Waft, whom Mr. Hoskins, in

his cool way, said he would invite for a companion to me; a proposal which set not only Mrs. Hoskins a laughing, but the very children and all present at the time. It was indeed often a wonder with me, what every body saw in that incarnate molestation to make them at all times so eager to fasten him upon me. However, I made no objection, but put a fair face on't, and laughed as heartily as the best of them at the idea of the teasing to which he would subject me.

CHAPTER VII.

Constantinopolis,
He named it for himself; and then to trace
The hallowed bounds of the majestic walls
Led the bright army.

THE day being fixed for the ceremony of cutting down the first tree in the market-place-to-be of Judiville, Mr. Hoskins took upon himself to make every kind of befitting and proper preparation. He communicated with nobody as to his intentions, but went about from morning to night, sometimes with the carpenters, sometimes with the blacksmith. Robin alone was in his confidence, and for two days we saw but little of him, so busy was he too about the preparations.

I cannot deny that I was in the mean time as curious to know what they were doing as Bailie Waft himself, who had never got such a job in hand from the hour of his birth. He did

nothing all day long but wander from Dan to Beersheba, and speak of the doing that was to be done to every body he met, inquiring what it could possibly be that kept Mr. Hoskins so constantly afoot: at last he happened to get a glimpse behind the curtain, and came primed and proud with his discovery to the store, where I was longing for information.

"Do you know, Mr. Todd," said he, "what they can have propounded by yon great iron hoops that the blacksmith is making, for he, like the rest, is as unanswering as his own bellows; what can they be for? and then the big log that the carpenters are boring, and which I thought, and I dare say every body thought, was for a pump: they never put their wumble farther into it than a foot or so, and then they saw off the bored piece, and begin to bore again, till they have made seven curiosities out of it, which I do not understand."

"I 'll lay my lugs, Mr. Waft," was my reply, "they are cannon, and the iron hoops are to keep them from bursting."

Sure enough it proved so, and Robin was busy making cartridges out of a keg of powder for them.

In the mean time, the woods became savoury

with the fume of the numerous stewings and roastings that were in preparation under the matronly superintendence of Mrs. Hoskins. The meddling bailie went about examining them all, sometimes taking off the lids of the stew-pans and snuffing the flavour with pleased nostrils, like a heathen god over its altar; sometimes tasting with his fingers if the meat was done, or sufficiently seasoned, and giving his opinion on the subject to Mrs. Hoskins in a most erudite manner.

All being ready, and the important day having arrived, we were summoned to the ceremony at sunrise. The distance we had to walk was upwards of seven miles, by a path through the forest, from which the old man had caused the brushwood to be cleared; a flourish of all the tin horns of the settlement, usually employed to call the workmen to their meals, announced that the procession was ready to move.

Mr. Hoskins headed the whole with a green bough in his hat; then followed a long train of axemen, two and two. After them came seven parties, of six boys each, carrying the wooden cannon on spokes; behind them the blacksmith, with a keg of cartridges on his head, followed by two young men with lighted match-ropes;

to these succeeded,—headed by Bailie Waft and me, walking hand-in-hand as lovingly as the two babes in the wood,—a long desultory train of the Babelmandel settlers bearing the drink and provisions.

When we reached what was destined to be the centre of the town, the axemen or choppers' cleared the brush or underwood from around a large tree, and the cannon being properly placed, the old gentleman took an axe and struck the first stroke, upon which the seven cannon were fired three times. I struck the second, and so it went round, until the tree fell with a sound like thunder, banishing the loneliness and silence of the woods for ever.

Then we gave three cheers, the cannon were fired again, and the drink being poured out into the tin jugs which the settlers had brought with them, Mr. Hoskins gave for a toast, "Prosperity to Judiville," which was re-echoed by all around, all the tin horns and trumpets sending forth a great shout.

The provisions were soon after spread upon the ground, and every body partook of the feast; but in one thing I was disappointed; I had expected the young fellows would have provided the means for a dance, but they were

chiefly Americans, and of course little addicted to out-of-door balls, and no lasses had come with us. So that, notwithstanding every thing, as far as it went, could not have been better, there was still too much of a solemnity. However, Bailie Waft, as became a dignitary of that degree on such an occasion, having, by the pilotage of the bottle, got the weather gage of dull care, began to snap his fingers and to sing, which had such an effect that nothing less would serve me—probably a little owing to the same cause—than a reel with him. Thus was the joviality set agoing, and the woods rang with the derray till the setting sun admonished us that we had seven miles of the wilderness to travel home.

But the merriment did not end with the dispersion of the party; for the bailie, I must tell—being obliged to tell the truth—had, before all was done, taken a droppie too much, which caused him to yell and laugh, without being able to utter a word, and to spin about like a peerie—never was such an oddity! But how were we to get him home? for his knees had become as supple in the joints as flails; and when he attempted to clap his hands, they fell past one another as if they were powerless and

his eyes stood white in his head. He was an object.

Home, however, he must be carried, though some proposed to bide and watch him. At last six lads laid him across three of the spokes on which the cannon had been brought, and bore him along. They were not, as it happened, in the soberest order, and in swinging from side to side, the poor bailie tumbled off the bier, and was lost sometime before they missed him. Indeed, had it not been for me, it is hard to say if he ever might have been found; for although there was a great outcry, and shouting and laughter, on account of this foundering, nobody had wit enough left to go back and seek for him, till I proposed to do so, and then every body would; and the consequence was nearly fatal to him, for he lay not far behind sound asleep, so that in running on the search, somebody fell over him, and then another and another, till suffocation seemed scarcely possible to be prevented. But I retained my presence of mind, and cried out "murder!" at some distance, making a sham as if another accident had happened. This had the effect of raising the multitude from off the poor man before the breath of life was squeezed out of him.

I got great fame by my stratagem, and the bailie next day acknowledged that he owed his life to me; but for all that he did not mend his manners; on the contrary, he was like the serpent that bit the countryman who warmed it to life in his bosom, and vexed me as much as ever.

CHAPTER VIII.

Nay, weep not, mother, I shall soon return:
The gentlest bird, ungrieved beholds her young
Spread the light wing and quit the natal bower,
Never to come again.

ON the second day after the "festivaul," as Mr. Waft ever spoke of the ploy we had at Judiville, the preparations being completed for Robin's departure, he set out for New York, and I went with him as far as Olympus. It was at first intended I should have gone to Utica, but the business of the store would not admit of so long an absence: we were expecting daily a fresh supply of goods, and moreover, many inquiries were making about the land, all which constituted a cause for me to 'bide at home.

From Olympus he was to make the best of his way, by any kind of conveyance he could obtain cheapest, and as he was furnished by me with letters to some of my old friends at New

York, especially to Mr. Primly, a most respectable Quaker, whom I had known from his boyhood, my heart was light concerning him. The chief source of my confidence was in the boy himself, whom it had pleased God to endow with a cheerful spirit, an airy taking manner that won much with strangers, and a high sense of rectitude and honour. It is true, that some of the neighbours, especially that never-ending tribulation Bailie Waft, used to jeer me about the favour and affection I had for my children, and to say that my geese were all swans; nevertheless, even the bailie himself, when discoursing with sobriety, confessed that he had seen few lads of his years to compare with Robin Todd. Mr. Herbert the schoolmaster told me, on the morning before his departure, that he had every quality necessary to make an honest man and a clever trader.

But although all these assurances were most agreeable, and although I was bound to acknowledge that hope was above anxiety with me in looking forward to the prospects of my first-born, and the son of my first-love; sadness at times overcast my spirit, and as we drove on in the waggon to Olympus, I felt then the difference between the pang a parent suffers in part-

ing with his child to the world, and the regret of a son taking leave of his father.

It could not be said in sending my son to New York, that the trial was so severe to my feelings—it would not have been rational had it been—as that which my worthy father endured, when he consigned my brother and me from the pier of Leith to the perils of the roaring ocean, to espouse our fortunes in the woods and uncertainties of America; but still, under those shadows of sadness, I felt a great deal, and something, too, like contrition, when I recollected how lightly I shook hands with the kind old man in bidding him farewell, compared with what he must have felt, when the tears flowed into his eyes, as he said, "May the God of your native land go with you!"

That pious wish has often rung in my heart, and in the stillness of the sabbath, while ruminating alone in the wilderness, it has melted me with sorrow; for my father was a religious man, and there was fearfulness, and a doubt in his words; as if, on the foreign shore, we might meet with temptations that would lead us to forget the kindness he had borne to us. Thank Heaven, that never came to pass!

In the course of the journey to Olympus, I

began three or four times to give Robin some warning of the world, and admonition how to conduct himself; but all I said ever ended in beseeching him, as the first of duties, to be frugal. Why this should have been the burden of my song, has often since caused me to wonder, for he had never shown aught of a prodigal inclination.

I ought not, however, to descant longer on the excellence of his nature, when he passed from under the parental wing—but I cannot help it. The inditing of his narration brings back the recollection of pleasant days, and though cares were amongst the hopes with which I bade him adieu, who could have thought that the fair promise of his innocent integrity would, in two little years, have been all blown away, like the blossom that never comes to fruit! And yet, I cannot think of his faults—I can but remember the pretty boy in the bloom of fifteen, who had never, before we parted, given me cause for one harsh word. But it was the will of Providence: my temporal cup was to be filled to overflowing, and it was meet I should taste that something of sorrow, which is ever, more or less, mingled with the allowance of life.

We had been late in leaving Babelmandel, and in consequence it was dark before we reached Olympus. I drove straight to Nackets' tavern, but on arriving, some scruple was made to admit us, as the house was in dishabille, the wife and children having two days before been sent on to Utica, whither Nackets himself was intending, with the remainder of their gear, to follow in the morning. However, upon persuasion, he not only consented to receive us, but in a very friendly manner offered to take my son along with him in his waggon; a stroke of good fortune we had no reason to expect.

Owing to the unfurnished state of the house, we had but sorry accommodation that night, and neither of us had much sleep: Robin was talkative, and full of the idea of seeing his old school-fellows, wondering if this and that had taken place among them. And my mind was busy with many perplexities.

As I thought of the time when a few months before I had purchased the goods from Mr. Nackets, I could see plainly before me that, if health and strength were granted, I was ordained to be soon a man of considerable property. But I had come to the third stage of life, the parting with my dear boy; and although

there was nothing in the occasion to make me regard it in any degree as an extraordinary event, yet gradually, as the night sank into silence, a deeper and a darker shade spread over my reflections.

I rose with the first brightening of the gray morning light, and without disturbing Robin, who was then asleep, I walked out and sat down on the tram of the waggon which had brought us from Babelmandel, where I had not been many minutes, when I discovered a man coming towards the house. Something in his appearance, even at a considerable distance, interested my attention, and as he drew near, there was an air about him very different indeed to that of the commonalty of settlers.

Before he came up to where I was sitting, a boy about seven or eight years old appeared in sight. I saw they were father and son, and it struck me as something worthy of notice that I should have such a rencounter at such a time.

The father halted and inquired for the road which led to the new settlements, and out of this a conversation arose between us, from which I learned that he intended to be a settler, and that he had only recently arrived with his

family from the old country. It farther transpired, that he was a Presbyterian clergyman of the Scottish church, and had been regularly licensed to preach by the Presbytery of Dundreigh, but being without patron, had not been able to obtain a church.

The account of him, and the testimonials to his character, which he had brought with him, were to me highly agreeable, for I had long been anxious to obtain a properly educated clergyman to settle amongst us, as the reader already well knows. I accordingly advised him to send back his laddie to the house where he had left the wife and family, and to come with me to see the settlement, and to favour us with a sermon on the morrow, which was the sabbath day.

Mr. Bell, for so he was called, was no less pleased at having fallen in with me, and acceded very happily to my proposition. Soon after we had some breakfast, and Mr. Nackets being ready for the road, we mounted our respective waggons at the same time, Robin going with him, and the minister with me. In parting with my boy, I was constrained by Nature to drop a tear upon his neck as I bade him adieu.

"He is a fine boy that—your son," said Mr.

Bell; "but it's a pity to send him so soon to a populous city alone. He has a lively and a gallant look, and may need tending."

I was surprised at this remark, and described to the minister the true nature of the stripling, and the innocence of his heart.

"Great changes take place in the characters of young men between the tyning and the winning," was the reply, expressed with more strength than the occasion seemed to call for.

CHAPTER IX.

' There is a malice in the world's remembrance
That will not let our errors be forgotten:
Though we may blanch them with immortal virtues,
Still will their blemishes, lack-lustre blanks,
Remain as blots for envious scorn to point at.

As we had no minister at Babelmandel, I need not tell the courteous reader we had no church; but when we were visited by a preacher, we contrived to make a temporary place of worship, in one of the buildings which the speculators were erecting for a tavern. On the occasion of Mr. Bell's preaching, the weather being calm and bright, a pulpit was raised in the open air, under a large tree—the elm under which my sweet baby's sad wake was held—and the settlers assembled around him from all parts of the settlement well on to the number of a thousand persons, old and young, the greatest congregation we had yet collected. I missed, however, Mr. Waft from the crowd; an extra-

ordinary thing, considering the business of the day, it being understood, that if Mr. Bell gave satisfaction, we were to engage him for three months.

At first, I imagined something had surely happened to the bodie, and I was angry with myself that any thought about him should interfere with my attention to the sermon, which was really worthy of all I could bestow on it, being not only sound and orthodox, but delivered with a force and style of language far above common. Towards the conclusion, I however discovered him walking at some distance among the trees behind the pulpit, as if keeping aloof from the congregation, yet curious to see what was going on. By and by he drew nearer and nearer, till he caught my eye, which he had no sooner done, than he shook his head in a significant manner, and gave a queer distrustful smile, as much as to say, this is poor stuff, and will never do: I was both vexed and surprised.

It would not be easy to describe what I suffered at witnessing such irreverence, being totally incapable of understanding what it meant, for the matter and the manner of the preacher were, both most excellent; so I re-

solved, as soon as the service should be over, to interrogate the motives of such indecorum; but at the conclusion, the molester was nowhere to be seen.

In the afternoon Mr. Bell preached again, and while the congregation were assembling, I had some talk concerning him with the most respectable of the settlers, who were all of opinion that he would be a great catch to the settlement; even Mr. Hoskins, who was but little disposed to take any interest in religious matters, expressed himself with more warmth and satisfaction, than was to be expected from his cool and phlegmatic character.

"Well," said the old gentleman, when I inquired what he thought of the minister, "I guess he's a snag in the Devil's way, and I 'd a double deal sooner go to Heaven by his road, than sing the 109th Psalm on Jedediah Jenkins, what set fire to my barn before I knowed the Squire."

The second sermon was better than the first, and nothing could exceed the attention with which it was heard, but Bailie Waft was still not there. Towards the end of it, however, he again made his appearance, far off, and sidling on the skirts of the camp, as in the

forenoon, and his profane signs to me were still more emphatical than on that occasion, which caused me to marvel exceedingly, and to resolve to see the bottom of his meaning. Accordingly, I followed him with my eye, (and so lost the good of the preaching,) till the service was over; I then went straight towards him, and said,

"Mr. Waft, it was a guilty and unaccountable thing of you to break in upon me in the way you have twice done this day, and I request you will give me the satisfaction of an explanation. You made murgeons with your mouth, and derisions with your gestures, as if there was something about the preacher calling for mockery."

"I ken him—I ken wha he is," replied the ettercap, "a bonny like minister; he 's a sticket one though."

"What do you mean, Mr. Waft? I have not heard more Gospel truth come out of the mouth of man since I came to America, not even out of Dr. Mason's, at New York, than I have heard this day from Mr. Bell."

"There 's no doubt he can preach," replied the modiwart; "there was na a young man of his class, it was said, at the Divinity Hall o'

Glasgow that could have equalled him. But, Mr. Todd, where fell you in with him?"

"It would seem," said I, somewhat disconcerted at hearing such innuendoes, "that you have some by-gone acquaintance with Mr. Bell: what is 't you know to his prejudice?"

"It was a fault, it was a fault—it was a young man's fault; some made light of it, and no doubt he has by this time repented?"

"Repented, Mr. Waft! In the name of goodness," cried I, "of what had he to repent?"

"It's manifest, Mr. Todd, I see," replied that most provocative bodie, "that ye ken but little of Amos Bell; and I am just confounded, how a man of your sagacity and natural wisdom could have thought of bringing the likes of him to the settlement—a sticket minister, and no for the lack of talent, but for—"

At this I interrupted him, and said with a voice of austerity, "Mr. Waft, your conduct this day has been very quiscos, and I must insist on knowing what you know about Mr. Bell; or I will go to him myself, and cause you to be brought before him, and you shall be scrutinized, both you and him, face to face."

"I should hope there will be no occasion," was the answer I got, with something like a

pulling in of the horns; and then he added, "But it was far from my thought to do him an injury. If ye 're content with him, and if the settlers are content, it 's little my part to rip up old sores."

"I insist on knowing, Mr. Waft!" was my downright and dogmatical observation on this most scandalous impute; "and if you don't speak out and tell the truth, I must say you are a backbiter, and no honest man. What is it that you have heard to the detriment of this gentleman's character?"

"In a fashion, it may be said," was the reply, somewhat impudently, "that I know nothing to the disadvantage of his character as a gentleman, but as a minister of the Gospel. Ye have loose notions on these points in America—see, Mr. Todd, that ye 're no yoursel corrupt."

"Will you give me satisfaction, or will you not?" was my stern categorical.

"If I don't, what then?" was his short answer, for you may discern he was waxing obstinate.

"Nay, if you are resolved to persevere in blighting a man's good name with pestiferous insinuations, I am only exposing myself to the

same blemish by conversing with you. Surely, Mr. Waft, you ought to see, that being here all strangers to one another, we are all equally bound, for mutual security, to keep the fold free of black sheep. Now I would seriously beg, as a favour, to know the reason of your eschewing Mr. Bell in the manner you have done."

"Well, then, since you ask it as a favour, I cannot well refuse. You see, when he was at the college, he was a young man of a great promise, and there was a sough anent his trial sermon as if he would be another Dr. Chalmers. Och! hone! hardly was he leeshanced by the Presbytery when—ye have pressed me sore, Mr. Todd, I really wish ye would just be content with what I have told you. Oh! it was a black story."

"Well, well, but what was it?"

"Is there no' a risk of him bringing an action of damage for defamation against me?"

I was deprived of the power of speech at this, and turned my back upon the insufferable—what should I call him?—my patience being utterly exhausted.

"Well, I see," said he, "ye will be satisfied, so the sin be upon your own head. Amos Bell

—his name 's Amos—had not been leeshanced above a week, when it was bruited that he had met with a misfortune along with his landlady's dochter. To be sure, no time was lost in soldering the damage, but it was not a thing that could be hidden, for in less than three months a living witness came forth, by which he was cut off from all hope and chance of preferment. What became of him since that time I never heard, but really to see him in a poopit, like a minister of the Gospel, was to me a very comical kind of imposture."

I waited to hear no more—But what was to be done?

CHAPTER X.

'Twas by the prattle of an idle tongu
The wrong was done—not from a spiteful heart.

I HAD invited Mr. Bell to take a cup of tea with us, and likewise Mr. Herbert, the schoolmaster, who was a most superior man indeed; but I was so much disconcerted by what I had heard from that ill-speaking bodie, John Waft, that I could hardly muster courage enough to take me home to join them.

The more I reflected on the story, I was the more displeased with the meddling. Mr. Bell had told me, as we were coming from Olympus together in the waggon, that he had been married ten years, and had seven children, a heavy handful. His manners were of a regulated methodical mildness, and he had a calm look of resignation, which begot a good opinion of him. It was impossible he could have been long within that ten years addicted to disorderly

courses; and there was a fatherly solicitude in the manner he spoke of the reasons which had induced him to come to America with his family, that showed he was not only a man of gentle affections, but likewise animated by a right religious principle: I could have wished that the tongue had been cutted out of the mouth of that John Waft.

The first movement of my mind, after parting from him, was to consult Mr. Herbert and Mr. Hoskins; but, upon better consideration, I thought it would not do; Mr. Herbert being of the sect of the Church of England, and of course prelatic and concupiscible in his notions, could have no right sense of the case; and Mr. Hoskins being an indefinite methodist, could have no sense of it at all. Truly, that afternoon I was in great straits, and I took a turn in the woods by myself, cogitating what was to be done.

After the best consideration I was able to bestow on the subject, it appeared to be a matter in which I ought to have but a small concern. In the end, my principal feeling, as in the first instance, was of an angry sort against John Waft, for having molested me with the story; for I thought, that whatever

was loose or immoral in it at the beginning, ten years of patient drudgery in a school with the hard struggles necessary to provide food and raiment for a small family of seven children, made penance enough to bleach even a darker transgression. The chief vexation, therefore, that in the end disturbed me, was the dread of the story spreading abroad amongst the settlers, with whom, as I have already intimated, a pious minister was to the full as much wanted, as a magistrate of temporal power.

One thing led to another; by the time I reached home, I was not altogether very well satisfied with my own management in the business. I blamed myself for having been so short to the bailie, with whom I ought to have reasoned against the uselessness, if not worse, of invoking back the ghosts of forgotten guilt. In a word, before I reached the door, I resolved to send Charles for the bailie to join us, none doubting that a few words of conversation with Mr. Bell would have the effect of repressing his gossiping disposition. I had, however, on entering the house, the delight to find my intention anticipated, Providence having so turned the insatiate curiosity of the meddler,

that he was there before me, and cracking away like a pengun to the reverend gentleman, with whom he laid himself out in the couthiest manner to the best advantage.

I need say no more than I have done of the character of Mr. Bell; but it would be a blameable omission, were I not to notice a very striking instance of Christian humility on his part, which had ten times more influence with the bailie, than all I could have said, either in argument or persuasion.

Seeing that he was remembered, and discerning that the cause of his failure in the ministry was known to John Waft, and would probably spread farther; Mr. Bell quietly wised the conversation upon juvenile indiscretions and the passions of youth, till a fit occasion arose to speak of the fault he had himself committed; which he did in a way, that, without lessening the respect he had inspired, moved all present to look upon him with reverence, tempered with compassion.

That night, as Bailie Waft judiciously said, and it was one of the few judicious sentiments he ever uttered, was salubrious to our souls, and fraught with health and wholesomeness to every soul in the settlement; for after Mr. Bell had

retired, the bailie, who had accompanied him to the tavern, came back, and with the help of Mr. Herbert's counsel, it was agreed that I should try in the morning what money could be raised, to induce the worthy man to remain a season amongst us. In this matter I had fresh reason to respect Mr. Herbert; for although, as I have said, he was of an intolerant sect, he considered less the Presbyterian connexion of the preacher, than the good which so enlightened and well-informed a man was likely to do amongst a backsliding people. Alas! it was daily becoming more and more manifest that the leprosy of the back-woods could not long be kept out of the settlement.

But before I proceed to the sequel of this affair, I should mention that Mr. Hoskins, seeing the importance with which the settlers in Babelmandel regarded a clergyman and a schoolmaster, made his own calculations, and was up and forth early in the morning before me. As yet, there were few actual settlers at his town of Judiville, and these were still dwelling in shanties; but a considerable number who had bespoken lots were to come on in the fall, to raise their houses before winter, and he saw it would be much for his profit to be able to ad-

vertise among the other advantages of his settlement, that an effectual preacher and schoolmaster was provided in the same person.

Thus it happened, by the time I had conferred with the heads of the principal families, Mr. Hoskins had been with Mr. Bell, and had agreed with him, that he was to take up his residence at the end of three months at Judiville, in the double capacity of preacher and teacher; they had farther agreed, that in case Mr. Bell did not make an agreement with my party, he was to go forthwith to Judiville.

It may easily be imagined that I was a good deal surprised at hearing of this paction when I joined Mr. Bell in the course of the forenoon, after having arranged what I considered a very acceptable offer for him. Nor could I think Mr. Hoskins had acted so fair and square above board on the business, as might have been expected, and so I told him; but his answer was reasonable.

"The Squire," said he, "hadn't amade him no proposal at all, and was duberous if his charackter would serve. Now, says I to myself, seeing as how the cat jumps, if so be as I steps in, before nothing and scrape of pen, where's the harm? But the Squire ought for to know

—han't I had more generositie than to cut him clean out, for says I to Mr. Bell, ''Em 'ere folks here, they want a gospeler, and may make you an offer, so I won't interfere; for, Mr. Bell, you sees,' says I, 'my village han't agot a house in't;' wasn't that fair, square, and above board? 'But, three months agone from this time, we shall have all sails set, and then you can open a school and steeple-house, for I'd give more than two cents to have religion popular at my village;' and so in this we shakes hands, and the Squire may have him for the three months, but if he won't then, I will, and the child's name's Anthony."

But not to summer and winter on this topic, I shall here come to a conclusion. It was agreed that Mr. Bell should remain with us for three months, at the end of which time, with the consent of Mr. Hoskins, if he could make a better bargain with us than with him, he was to be free to make a new one. The consent of the old man to this was commended as liberal, in as much as he had really made a confirmed black and white agreement; and no one was louder in commendation of his liberality than I was myself, but I got a lesson not to halloo until you are out of the wood; for

when all was settled and signed, a doubt in the course of the afternoon came across the mind of that porcupine of affliction the bailie, who to do him justice had taken an active part in the work, as if he was desirous to atone for the ill which his communication to me might have done to Mr. Bell, and in the gloaming while we were at supper, he came to deliver himself of this doubt to me. I could see by his looks, the moment his queer twinkling e'en were discerned in the shadow of the door-way, that he was big with something which he thought of importance; but as he often in that state conceived and brought forth nothing, I was generally far from being inclined to lend him an ear. On this occasion, however, considering the satisfactory manner in which he had conducted himself in the business of the subscription, and the contrition of his whole behaviour towards the minister, I was disposed to be indulgent, and so I invited him with civility to come ben, and take a chack of supper with us, which he did in a better-bred manner than I was prepared for, Mr. Hoskins making room for him at the table between himself and Mr. Herbert.

CHAPTER XI.

To be, or not to be!

WHEN we had finished our meal, the night being warm and close, I proposed that we should adjourn to the stoop—for by this time I had so far complied with the fashion, as to have a stoop or viranda along the front of my house. Mr. Hoskins having lighted a cigar, joined us, dragging out the rocking-chair behind him, for he preferred it on all occasions while smoking in the stoop. The bailie took his seat on the bench beside me; and as soon as we were composedly arranged for conversation, he bent slightly forward, and laying his left hand on my right knee, he turned towards Mr. Hoskins, who was swinging on the chair a little in front, and said,

"Gentlemen, I have a notion that in this contract with Mr. Bell, some o' us have not had our wits so well gathered as was to have been

desired on an occasion of such solemnity; in short, gentlemen, I have a doubt."

"There can be no doubt of that," replied I, jocularly; at the same time, by a glance he gave me, which I saw by the moonlight, I was persuaded he had something to ettle at me. "But what 's this doubt about, bailie?"

"Ye see, gentlemen," he resumed, "I 'm no' blaming you, Mr. Hoskins, and every body knows well that Mr. Todd 's never in the wrong."

"Hem!" exclaimed the old man, whiffing out a long wreath of smoke, and spitting with an emphasis far beyond the railing of the stoop.

"I hope no offence," continued the plague, "but really, Mr. Todd, you must just let a friend use a friend's freedom; I think we have been all fey in this affair. Ye see, Mr. Todd, I dinna give you all the wyte o't, I take part of the blame to myself: I confess and allow that I am art and part."

"I think, Mr. Waft," said I, slightly disturbed, and wondering what was to be the upshot of such a preface—"I think, Mr. Waft, if you would tell us what ye mean first, we would then better know on whose shoulders the blame, if blame there be, should be laid.

Can you, Mr. Hoskins, understand what he means ?"

"Well, I guess, I does," replied the old man.

"It's more than I do," was my answer; and I added, fearing that he might have heard something fresh to the disadvantage of Mr. Bell. "But whatever you have got to say, it is now too late, we have agreed with the gentleman for three months, and pay we must."

"I wish that was all the calamity; three months will soon wear away, but I must have a sincere word with you, Mr. Hoskins. How long was your agreement for after the three months were out ?"

"Well, I reckon," said Mr. Hoskins, "twelve months—yes, just twelve months."

"Now, Mr. Todd, do you hear that ? a whole twelvemonth !"

By this time I was beginning to fry, because there appeared to be a suspicion of something defective in what we had done, and chiefly because the impudent bodie was manifestly intending to make me the 'scape-goat; I therefore said to him with severity,

"I wish you would speak to the purpose,

Mr. Waft; or to what purpose do you speak? Mr. Bell is engaged for three months."

"True, that's admitted, Mr. Todd; but I have my doubts that he's engaged for twelve months more—there's a tickler for you, Mr. Todd!"

I felt the cold sweat burst from every pore; for no sooner had he uttered the words, than I saw, that if we did not make a new agreement with him at the end of the three months, better for him than what he had made with Mr. Hoskins; and if Mr. Hoskins did not choose to have him, we were bound to take him at the rate he was to have been paid by Mr. Hoskins. This was alarming as it then seemed, and I turned to the old gentleman, and said, half serious and half merrily, "This is pretty liberality."

"I calculate it is, Squire; so be the man is apostolical," was his dry answer.

"And if he prove otherwise," exclaimed the bailie, patting his own left palm with his right hand fingers, and looking from under his brows like an astrologer, "our friend Mr. Todd, poor man, has sold his hen in a rainy day."

I appeal to the whole world if such treat-

ment was to be borne; but nevertheless, what was the use of argolbargoling with such a heckle? so, constraining all my patience and fortitude together, I said sedately, "But what have you heard more to the disadvantage of Mr. Bell?"

"Me! I have heard nothing," exclaimed the ——; I have na another name for him; "and grieved I am for what I minted to you of his forgotten and repented fault."

"Moonshine!" said Mr. Hoskins, taking the cigar from his lips, and spitting again far beyond the railing of the stoop.

"Then, in the name of goodness," cried I with indignation, "what has brought you here? and what have we to do with the contract more than to see it fulfilled? Mr. Bell has given satisfactory tokens of a humble and unaffected Christian character; and the certificates and testimonials that he has produced of his conduct while schoolmaster of Dundreigh, are all far above common. The two lines from the Laird of Dunnywhistle speak volumes in his praise; he calls him a Heavenward-going man."

"I doubt the laird's no judge," replied John Waft; "did you no' observe that scarcely a word in the laird's testificate was right spellt? But, Mr. Todd, if you are content with the

bargain you have made for the settlement, it's little my business to find fault, only I think it has na been managed with just that particularity, wherewith a proper man of business would have managed it."

"Take your change out of that!" said Mr. Hoskins, knudging my elbow, making the smoke spin from his nostrils in a comical fashion. But I could suffer no more at that time, so I rose from my seat, and sternly told John Waft that he might look out for another market to take his clishmaclavers to.

"I hope we'll no part in displeasure," was his reply: "I'm sure all thought of harm or disrespect was far from me when I came here this night; and if it had na been that you ran away with the hook so rashly, there was nothing I said to have caused such a boiling in your breast. I only wanted to hear from you, who are esteemed the longest-headed man in the settlement, whether I had gotten a right understanding."

"That's very doubtful," said I; but he went on taking no notice.

"Because, if I'm in the right, there need be no such sough about Mr. Hoskins' liberality, especially as we are to run the risk of Mr. Bell's trials: for should he no give satisfaction,

we'll be bound to keep him for twelve months longer. O ye pawkie dievil, Mr. Hoskins, it's a Yankee trick!"

I had never heard the old man laugh; a feeble, sober smile, just twirling the corners of his mouth and his eyes, was the utmost risibility he ever gave way to, and even to that extent only on rare occasions; but at this address from the bailie he broke out into such a cataract, and with a sound so droll, and yet so unlike laughter,—it was like the rumble of a cart-load of stones,—that the children who were stripped and ready for their beds, came to see what had happened, and all hands joined in the diversion. I have a notion, however, that it was not so much the waggery of the bailie's wit that tickled his merriment, as the thought how he had shot me round the corner, in the seeming liberality which he had shown in modifying his agreement with Mr. Bell, at my instigation: for I had remarked in him a curious kind of exultation, whenever he happened to get the slightest advantage over me, particularly from the time of my grand spec of the twenty thousand acres, concerning which it now behoves me to say something.

CHAPTER XII.

Here, on the breezy top of this high hill,
Let us, rejoicing to have gain'd such height,
Rest and be thankful!

FROM the time it was understood that both Mr. Hoskins and the Albany Land Company intended to plant villages, a pause in the progression of Babelmandel took place, and several settlers who had come with the intention of remaining there, went and took lots at Judiville. In the mean time, the roads both from Judiville and Napoleon, the Company's town, were being opened through my block, and many inquiries were made as to my price and intentions; but I gave no direct answer to any of them, reserving myself until the roads should be practicable.

When this was the case, and when the Company and Mr. Hoskins had fixed their prices, I also fixed mine, at a quarter of a dollar

higher per acre; much to the consternation of the old gentleman, whose amazement was encreased at finding, that, notwithstanding the difference, I received more offers for my land than he did.

It was seemingly not easy to account for this preference, which, indeed, surprised myself, who had no other reason for fixing the price higher, than a vague notion, that in consideration of two roads passing through the land, the settlers would probably not object to give it. I ought, however, to confess, that I was a little swayed by a secret reason, not so rational. The price I fixed would leave me a clear profit of a dollar per acre, which, upon twenty thousand acres, supposing no thereafter increase, and that I could dispose of the whole within the five years of the contract, would yield the substantial part of five thousand pounds,—the utmost I had ever thought of for a competency to retire upon.

But worldly fortune was more liberal than my expectations. The rumour of the three settlements going on and progressing together, our excellent school, and our eloquent preacher, and, above all, the judicious manner in which Mr. Hoskins disposed of his water-privileges,

attracted settlers from all quarters. Judiville, before the close of the season, was a large village, and a company was formed there for the construction of mills, on a scale so extensive, that the settlement, with those around it, was regarded as one of the most promising ever opened in the State. All this brought grist to my mill.

Seeing the increasing demand for land, I laid out my twenty thousand acres in a way which was greatly approved. First, around Mr. Hoskins's five hundred acres, I made an extensive reservation, immediately contiguous to Judiville, reaching up the river as far as the skirts of Napoleon, the town of the Albany speculators. Second, I divided the remainder of my block into parallel lots, in the usual manner, but I did not allow the settlers to pick and choose. At first, I only allowed every third lot to be sold, then every second, and finally, those which then remained vacant; making a considerable advance in the price, when the first class was sold off, and so with the third, when the second was disposed of. In this way, besides the advantage of selling the good and bad land together, I obtained, as the settlement proceeded, prices far above my expectation for the

lots, without touching the reservation round Judiville, which I kept back until the main part of my pre-emption should be sold.

It is true, that several years elapsed before the proceeds of the sales were realized; but it is as well to conclude the history of my speculations in this part of these memoirs, because I embarked in no other. It would, indeed, be drawing too largely on the reader's patience, to expect him to take any interest in affairs so strictly of the shop; and, therefore, having laid open the sources from which the means arose that enabled me to retire from business, at, comparatively, the summer of life, I shall now go on with my narrative, no farther noticing the growth of my prosperity than may seem requisite at times to make matters plain, and understandable.

But before winding up this branch of my biography, I am bound to point out to the youthful reader how little of my good-luck was owing to my own wisdom and devices: this is the more necessary, for though it is but in a jocular way, I am apt to represent myself too much as the architect of my own fortune.

The blight which had fallen on Olympus, and the ague that afflicted Mr. Nackets, through

the influences of which I was enabled to buy that capital nest-egg for the store in Babelmandel, were in no way owing to any ability of mine. As little were the motives which induced Mr. Hoskins to sell his farm and betterments in Vermont to come and live with us, bringing all his property; and nothing could be more like a Godsend than the way in which I was led to agree, just in the nick of time, with the land agent for the twenty thousand acres. No doubt it may be said, that in making that bargain I had shown foresight; but I am loth to take much credit to myself, while I agree with the generality of the public in thinking the agent was, may be, rather quick in acceding to my proposal. But then this should be said for him, he had been several years in the management, during which his business had moved very heavily, and experience did not warrant him to expect the sudden tide of immigration which came flowing upon the country after the war. In fact, it is to Mr. Hoskins' sagacious discernment of what was coming to pass, that I am indebted, under a higher power, for all the benefits derived from the speculation. He foresaw where the people were coming from, by whom the western territory was to be inhabited, and

he it was that pointed out to me the advantage of acquiring as much land as possible in the earliest stage of the settlement. Certainly I may claim for myself, if the suggestion of Providence can be so appropriated, the merit of discerning the scheme of taking the land in pre-emption for a term of years, but it was in sober trade a thing not to be hoped the agent would agree to. It was a doing on the faith of the proverb, that faint heart never won fair lady; and the chief merit of it, as a stroke of business, consisted, as far as I was concerned, in there being no risk, while to the agent, also, it was a saving of all trouble for five years, the term of the pre-emption being for that period.

One thing the reader will remark in this place as curious, and that is, my remaining at Babelmandel after the founding of uncle Hoskins' city; but in this there was a policy which ought to be explained. The discomforts of the first few years of a new settlement are unspeakable; and I had fixed my location before Judiville was thought of, and had established the store there, which was doing as well as a man of common sense and sedate reason could expect. Therefore, until the city was somewhat advanced, and the first roughness wheeled away, it was

agreed, after due deliberation with the old man, that I and the store should remain where we were for some time; but in this we had an eye to futurity, for in disposing of the town lots, he reserved the best in the market-place, on which in good time we erected the large and handsome brick edifice with the stone piazzas in front, which faces you in coming from Babelmandel, just at the junction of Hoskins-street and Todd-street, between the Mansion-house hotel and the Eagle tavern.

We did not, however, make use of all these spacious premises for our store purposes, having ample convenience in the warehouses behind. The upper part, as will be related in the sequel, was first repaired as a dwelling-house for me, and there I remained until my visit to Scotland; but I should halt my pen, and not anticipate events yet to be described, nor by too hastily disclosing the future, forestall the curiosity of the judicious reader.

PART V.

CHAPTER I.

Good things of day begin to droop and drouze,
And evil things themselves do rouse!

In coming to the fifth epoch of my story, I must solicit the courteous reader to bear patiently with the details I have to relate: they concern less the progression of my fortune, than incidents not uncommon in human life.

The course of my business, and the increase of my means, were both, in a manner, so established, that, with health and constancy of purpose, I had no reasonable imagination to authorise me to fear I might not, in due season,

retire from the troubles of the store, and of the settlement, and have, between the setting of the sun and the close of the twilight, a time for pastime and pleasantry. That I had, as related in the foregoing pages, an experience both of adversity and sorrow, cannot be questioned; but nothing had I met with to give me cause for distrust, nor to justify me in thinking my success had not been equal to the fairest promises fortune had ever made me. Indeed, that contentment of nature, which enabled me to discern the dawning morn constantly behind the darkest hour, had prepared me to accept both good and ill, with the calm mien and the tranquil heart of equanimity: and therefore I may justly say without more ado, that the fifth epoch of my life began under circumstances which gave a glowing assurance of continued prosperity, and also of enjoyment, with those moderated desires, which, though often the consequence of disappointment and dismay, are yet the best ingredients of rational happiness. But yet, notwithstanding the wide-spreading tendrils that covered my bower, and the clusters swelling to ripeness among the branches, there was a serpent at the roots,

and caterpillars among the fig-leaves that overshadowed me.

In a light and airy passage of my younger years, it will be recollected that I spoke with reminiscences of kindness concerning a monkey. That most diverting creature was called Jacko, and was extraordinarily fond of nuts, and of certain sons of Quakers who attended a school close by, and who, in the intervals between the school-hours, came often to the nail-shop, where my brother and I made our daily bread by hammering iron.

Among some of these well-behaved, douce, and decent lads, I formed acquaintance, which continued until I left New York. One of them, Abimelech Primly, was much attached to me, and though likely to come to the inheritance of a large fortune, evinced, up to the very day on which I bade him adieu, a friendliness of disposition that induced me, when my eldest son Robin went to New York, to give him a letter to friend Primly, bespeaking his notice of the stripling.

Mr. Primly was not only pleased with this remembrance, but received Robin as kindly as if he had been his own son,—though he had three of his own,—insisted that he should

take up his residence among them, and without allowing any other of my friends to interfere, rested not until he had got him placed in one of the best stores in the city.

His letters, touching what he thought of Robin, were delightful; but indeed they did not surprise me, for a lad more debonair never left his father's fireside to seek his fortune in the busy world. He was jocund and blithe, but not given to obstreperous mirth; and in his appearance was gallant and dressy without foppery. He sung like a mavis; and with many innocent qualities, he had a jocular way, which he took after me, of saying funny things, that were sometimes witty, and on all occasions he was most agreeable to his companions.

The first impression which Robin made on the warm-hearted "friend" deepened; and when he had been about a month or six weeks in New York, the second letters from Mr. Primly were kinder about him than the first. I was therefore content with my first-born; and as every thing my hand was then on was seemingly thriving, I yielded to the vagaries of a hopeful heart.

Matters continued in this agreeable state to the middle of winter, when I received a most

friendly letter from Mr. Primly, telling me of different things concerning his own prospects, and mentioning, as it were in a Nota Bene, that in consequence of an addition Mrs. Primly was likely to give to the family, he would, though it was with great reluctance he proposed it, be much obliged if I would move Robin from his house, naming one Mr. Ferret, a neighbour of his, who received young men as boarders, and who would gladly take Robin; adding, that he knew no house for the management of such a young man equal to Mr. Ferret's in all New York.

There was nothing in this letter to give me the slightest cause to apprehend any evil of poor Robin; but I could not tell how it was, the recommendation of Mr. Ferret was not satisfactory, especially what was said about "managing such a young man," as if there had been something in Robin's conduct different from that of other young men.

However, I wrote, as I was compelled by obligation to do, my thankfulness to Mr. Primly for his kindness to my son; at the same time I acknowledged his letter had caused me some uneasiness, and requested him to let me know, at his earliest convenience, if there had been

any outbreaking on the part of the boy needing curb or restraint.

Mr. Primly did not answer my letter by course of post, nor for more than a month after; and when his answer did come, it was so evidently written with the repressed feelings of circumspection, that it molested me much. Among other things, he mentioned that he had not seen Robin for some time, which he hoped was owing to his attention to business; and he therefore advised me to correspond with Mr. Ferret concerning the stripling, rather than with him; who, on account of the times, and the anxieties which he felt for his own sons, had but little leisure to observe the walk and conversation of other youths.

Although this letter was so far dry, and it was written in a quaint manner, it did not conclude without evidences of a true and friendly disposition towards me, adverting both to the state of his family and of my poor Robin; expressing his pious regrets that the affection of parents seldom allowed them to see their children in the light they were seen by others.

Upon all these communications, tender and thoughtful as they seemed, I made my own comments, and they were to the honour of Mr.

Primly. I knew he had two sons, both older than mine, and I was afraid, that being come to the perilous time of life, they had shown symptoms of looser morals than their father could approve; and that, from conscientious sentiments, he, who was truly a pure, worthy, and honest man, had deemed it his duty to advise me to remove my son from the sphere of their contagion;—I highly honoured in my heart his beautiful benevolence.

Nor was the thing improbable; his sons had been all their days brought up in a populous city, exposed to temptations and taint; mine, on the contrary, had been suckled within the domestic fold, and nourished in the solitudes of the wilderness. No temptation had come within his sight, nor seduction been applied to his ear. Innocent alike of the world and its snares, I believed him to be strong in his purity, as much from ignorance as from integrity; for I was not so weak nor so inexperienced in the world as not to know that ignorance of sin is often the best part of a young man's virtue.

However, not to trouble Mr. Primly without necessity, instead of answering his letter, I addressed myself to Mr. Ferret, but I did not

then express any suspicion of the regularity of Robin's conduct, for in truth I had none. I only begged of him to see that he diligently attended to his duty in the store, where Mr. Primly had procured him so advantageous a situation; and to let him know on befitting occasions that his father was not rich, and could not afford him money for many pleasures; there being nothing which more moves a generous youth to halt and consider in his pleasantest career, than the idea of narrowing the comforts of his affectionate parents.

CHAPTER II.

A man was famous and was had
  In es-ti-ma-ti-on—
According as he lifted up
  His axe thick trees upon.

The sagacity with which Mr. Hoskins had chosen the site of Judiville became every day more manifest, by the preference given to it by settlers of the mechanical orders. It was evident, in the course of the first twelve months, that it would in the end leave Babelmandel and Napoleon two dwarfs; and nothing did so much to help it forward as the judicious bargain which the far-foreseeing old man made with Mr. Bell to become preacher and teacher. For by the end of three months, the settlers at Babelmandel, seeing the turn which the immigration had taken towards Judiville, willingly assented that Mr. Bell should fulfil his agreement with Mr. Hoskins; and his renown as a great gun

having been constantly spreading, many who came to settle at Napoleon or Babelmandel, set themselves down there entirely on account of the minister.

Among a batch of these was a widow lady, with two fine young men her sons and an only daughter. They were of a genteeler class than emigrants commonly consist of, and the two sons were for settlers the best prepared of all I have ever met with. Mr. Cockspur, their father, had long meditated the intention of bringing his family to America, being a man of republican predilections, and he had brought up and educated his children for the purpose. There was scarcely a useful trade of which both Oliver and Bradshaw Cockspur had not some knowledge, and few mechanical tools they did not handle with dexterity. The young lady their sister was no less accomplished than her brothers; all sorts of household thrifts were as familiar to her finger-ends, as scratching to the nails of a highlandman. Besides baking and brewing, pickling and stewing, shaping and sewing, and every sort of domestical doing, she had a spinning-wheel and a loom on which she plied the flying shuttle like a destiny weaving the life of a prodigal. Nor with all these

qualifications to make themselves independent, were they unprepared with pastimes. Miss Volumnia could play on the piano-forte, and sing like a nightingale, and the two young gentlemen were the cleverest fiddlers I have ever heard on this side of the Atlantic. Mr. Oliver put such life into his instrument, which was the common wee spendthrift fiddle, that it made the very soles of my feet dirl to hear it; but Mr. Bradshaw's was a grand capacious solemn edifice of sound, that put me in mind of the harp of King David; I dare say it would have held the best part of a barrel of turnip-seed, and it lowed as it were with a voice like a bull-frog softened to harmony.

I could not but lament that their father had not survived to have come with them; for surely he would have been a great acquisition to any new settlement. I had, indeed, never heard of such a provident man; the education he had given his children was in all points so practical, that it was a pattern to every father who thinks in time of settling in this or any other wild and vacant country. Verily he had caused them to be taught how easily the desert can be made to bring forth, and the solitudes of the wilderness to be social.

Mrs. Cockspur, the mother, was a lady of settees and wax-candles, but withal most methodical, and she submitted to their first rude habitation with a gracious good-humour, that captivated every beholder. I had not seen her but twice, when I began to think it would be an advantageous thing for my daughters to become acquainted with her, for as they were beginning to have the prospect of a something, I often wished we might chance to fall in with a more ornamental matron than aunty Hoskins, who, though in her way one of the best of women for homely stirring and striving, had seen nothing of gentility, and fashed at courtesies. The only fault I could object to Mrs. Cockspur, and it was well repressed by her natural civility, was a distaste she took to Mr. Hoskins. The old man himself discovered it, but it bred no ill will on his side; on the contrary, it caused him rather to cherish a compassion for her, he being well convinced that the bush was not a home for one who had been so daintily accustomed.

I was at first a good deal surprised at one thing in the conduct of this superior family. It had been so evidently the intention of Mr. Cockspur, their father, that their residence should

be in the woods, and their industry directed to rural business, that when I saw them preparing to erect an elegant villa in Judiville, and to lay out a flower-garden, I became somewhat doubtful of their discretion, and was inclined to predict they would not long endure the rough and raw of a new settlement.

Mr. Hoskins, however, differed in opinion with me, and in so doing showed his better sagacity; for the villa was destined for the old lady, the young gentlemen justly concluding she would feel herself forlorn in the woods, and their affection prompted them to provide for her comfort before beginning with their own farm. She was anxious to be near them, and they had located themselves on my block, having purchased four thousand acres within three miles of Judiville, for which they paid me cash down; a capital good thing, and the immediate cause of my determination to move the store from Babelmandel.

In that matter I was not hasty, because it had been agreed with Mr. Hoskins, that before moving the store, we should have a proper building erected—money enough as yet to enable us to undertake it could not be well spared from the business. However, by the Godsend

of the Cockspurs, I was enabled to lend something from my own purse, and accordingly a contract was made to erect a portion of a building, for which Mr. Bradshaw Cockspur drew the plan.

The proposed fabric was so contrived, that it could be constructed in parts, and at last it was determined that only the ground-story should be raised in the first year; but before it was finished, our means had become something freer, and in consequence, after making our calculations, we resolved to complete the upper part likewise as a dwelling-house. I was moved to this by two special considerations. First, I could obtain no house in Judiville for my family, and to leave them unprotected with aunty Hoskins at Babelmandel could not be deemed judicious, particularly as the old man was almost constantly at Judiville on his town affairs; and second, it would be manifestly a great advantage to my daughters to be near a lady so well-bred as Mrs. Cockspur. Mr. Hoskins, in his dry way, said there was a third reason, the strongest of all; but I protest his surmise was without truth. I had no thought whatever of Mrs. Cockspur. I acknowledge, that I regarded her with respect and esteem,

but she was a cut far above my circumstances at that time, and she was older than me by at least fifteen years; moreover, I was not in such necessity as to think of marrying an old woman, had the temptation been even double the sum at her disposal.

However, while the house was building, as I had often occasion to consult Mr. Bradshaw, and was on such occasions sometimes invited by his lady-mother to take a snack, a whispering began to gather free and run about, that I was more taken up with the mother's pleasant conversation than the son's plans.

Among others who got hold of this rumour was Bailie Waft, who had made his location at Babelmandel. There would have been more truth in the report, had it alleged that one of my reasons for the removal was to eschew him, who was such a rankling arrow in my side. His conduct, indeed, about this affair was really terrible: I never returned from Judiville, which I generally visited once a week, to see how the building was coming on, but he was sure to be waiting either in the store or near my house for me, making it a point to inquire for the health of Mrs. Cockspur in a singular manner, which was exceedingly provoking: he never let

out that he knew any thing of what idle tongues were talking of, but looked in my face so pawkily when he asked the question, that it was plain he had a meaning, but as he said nothing, I could take no notice of the provocation. Afflicting as his conversation on every subject naturally was, his silence on this was ten times worse.

On one occasion, as I was returning home, I chanced to come up on the road with Mr. Bell, who was then so far on the way to Babelmandel in order to christen a child of one of his former hearers, and we walked together, discoursing of this and that, and thinking on no particular affair, when who should come in sight but that agonistes the Bailie. The moment I saw him, it came across my mind like a flash of lightning, that he would suspect I was conferring with the minister about fixing a bridal-day. Nothing could be farther from my thoughts than such a thing; but this unaccountable notion so disturbed me, that I felt my face flush, and my heart beat; in short, by the time the adversary joined us, I was so agitated and angry, that I could not command two coherent ideas.

He said nothing, and, which did not tend to soothe me, he never inquired as usual for Mrs.

Cockspur, but walked quietly along-side of the Minister: I could, however, see an inquisitive wrinkle lurking with a merry malignancy in the corner of his little piercing eye. That silence and this look really got the better of me, and I knew not what I said, for in asking for his wife, I called her Mrs. Cockspur, and did the same in speaking of Mrs. Hoskins, which caused him to chuckle and rub his hands in ecstasy, but still he said nothing. At last the Minister happened, from the loose and topicless nature of our conversation, to inquire when I expected my new house would be ready; to which, to my own unutterable consternation, I replied, thinking of Mr. Bradshaw Cockspur, that every thing depended on Mrs. Cockspur.

Mr. Bell himself was confounded, for he gave no credit to the report; but the devil's buckie snapped his fingers to the lift, and roared and guffawed till he made the woods ring. Surely the hand of restraining Grace was upon me that I did not commit murder on the spot.

I was so amazed at myself, that I turned on my heel and walked aside, wondering if I was indeed beside myself. However, I had soon the satisfaction of setting all to right with the

Minister, for the afflictor shot ahead to spread the news in the village; upon which I rejoined Mr. Bell, and we had a hearty laugh at my absurdity: verily, it was indeed, as Mr. Hoskins would have said, ridiculous bad.

CHAPTER III.

'Tis past—yes, hail; the summer days are gone.

On reaching home, I found the long desired letter from Mr. Ferret concerning my son Robin waiting for me. It was not what I expected; the partiality of a father's heart had beguiled my judgment; I had not read the delicate communication of Mr. Primly with a discerning spirit: still, there was nothing said by Mr. Ferret calculated to disturb me with any extraordinary anxiety.

He spoke of the lad as of winning manners, and beloved by his companions, who, indeed, were so much attached to him on account of his many agreeable qualities, that it might be necessary to admonish him not to let their wishes for his company encroach on the attention due to his business. But one thing alone contained a sting, and it was to the effect that Robin was rather too facile in admitting young men to his

acquaintance, preferring for his comrades those who could best contribute to their common amusement, without sufficient regard to character and connexions.

On this passage I meditated with an apprehensive heart. I saw there was more of an easy nature in his fault than of corruption; but, as it led him into the way of temptation, who could predict the consequences? And then I partly blamed myself for having sent him to Mr. Primly's care; for I ought, upon reflection, to have considered that I had always regarded that good man as overly strict in the discipline of his sons; for though no young lads, for their years, could be more orderly in their conduct, and methodical in walk and conversation, they yet had an artificial habitude about them, that I sometimes thought might harden into hypocrisy; a callosity of mind I never could abide either in old or in young.

Had my boy, as I said to myself, been sent into a family where there was more of that free-heartiness which I encouraged at home, he would have cared less for out-of-door companions. In short, I was uneasy; but as no special misconduct was mentioned to give me more than a fear he might fall in with dissi-

pated youth, I was disposed, in my determination of writing to him on the subject, not to evince any severity, but only a fatherly anxiety.

In this frame of mind, being fatigued with my long walk from Judiville, I sent Charles to request Mr. Herbert to come to me. He was a man, as I have already said, who had been observant of the world, and had plainly lived in it with all his ears and eyes open. Mr. Bell, in the mean time, having finished his baptismal job, came to spend the remainder of the evening with me, which I almost regretted; for although he was, on every point of conversation, a most edifying and instructive companion, I yet felt a restraint upon me, when minded to speak to him concerning Robin.

He was, indeed, a man who looked upon young follies with an austere aspect, so much had he suffered by his own in the outset of life; and I had by this time discovered, that under a saintly equanimity of manner, he had to manage vehement passions, which were chained but not subdued. The natural man was yet strong within him; even in the pulpit, when he prayed to be protected from temptation, there was in his petition a something of energy and

dread that thrilled deep among the awfullest sympathies of his hearers' hearts.

It was some time before I could guess at the cause of this prophetical contention, for such it seemed to me; but when I came to know his wife better, which was not until I had moved to Judiville, there could be no doubt that his hearth was an altar of continual self-sacrifice, and that he had patched up a peace with decorum by his marriage, at the expense of his happiness, and the dignity of his mind. All this made him, as it were, inaccessible to the common matters of worldly care; he was an oracle only to be consulted at solemn times, and in perilous emergencies; so that I would have been just as well pleased could I have conferred with Mr. Herbert by himself, concerning the contents of Mr. Ferret's letter.

Mr. Herbert came at the bidding, and Charles soon after returned and took a stool in a dark corner of the room unobserved by me, otherwise I would not have permitted him to remain; for it is not fit that the young should hear what the old think of youthful errors.

After some light generalities, I handed the letter to Mr. Herbert, and requested him to

tell me what he would advise me to do. When he had studiously perused it, he gave it to the Minister, at which I was a little disconcerted, not wishing that he should become exactly a party to the consultation, though he was accidentally present.

Mr. Herbert said nothing while Mr. Bell was reading; but I was startled when the reverend gentleman, having finished the perusal, laid down the letter on the table, and, without making any remark, left the room.

"He takes this matter too seriously," said Mr. Herbert.

"I wish he had not been here," was my answer; "but since it has so happened, I will call him back." Accordingly, I went to the door and brought him in again. Mr. Herbert was the first who broke silence.

"It is not to be disguised," said he, "that the poor lad has fallen into some irregularities, but it is equally clear he has committed no very heinous offence."

"Against the world," interrupted Mr. Bell, sternly; "but what has he done against himself?"

"I trust nothing that requires any par-

ticular animadversion," replied Mr. Herbert, calmly.

"He that spareth the rod, hateth the child," interposed the Minister, in a still more emphatic strain; and turning to me, added, "Let him be brought home immediately, nor let him enter the world again, till he is better able to take care of himself."

"I can see nothing in the statement of Mr. Ferret," said Mr. Herbert, evidently surprised at the Minister's warmth, "to justify so decided a step; we cannot put old heads on young shoulders: I think, from what I know of the generosity of the boy's disposition, that a kind admonition from his father will have a great effect."

"Yes, it will," replied Mr. Bell; "it will have a great effect—it will be his ruin."

I had hitherto said nothing, but there was an abrupt harshness in this that really shocked me, and I could not help remarking that Mr. Ferret's letter gave no reason to fear any thing so disreputable as to call for punishment.

"No," rejoined Mr. Herbert; "and if you punish without guilt, or if you punish beyond the penalty due for the offence, you supply

a motive, a vindictive motive, to perseverance in error."

This sentiment, dictated by humane feelings and good sense, Mr. Bell condemned in strong terms; and the drift of his observations was to the effect, that the youth himself would one day turn upon me, and cause me to rue beneath his reproaches the fatal indulgence of his first fault. He then launched into a vehement discourse on the delusive light in which the first fault is often viewed, and worked himself into such zeal, that I sat amazed; whilst Mr. Herbert, evidently no less surprised, interposed, and began to remonstrate against the cruelty of unrelenting justice. The Minister, who could not endure any contradiction of the implacable opinions he held on this subject, interrupted him with great vehemence. But his voice was drowned by a sudden burst of riotous mirth and ribaldry close to the house, and by poor Charles starting from the corner like a ghost, and crying, overwhelmed with alarm and in tears, "They are coming, they are coming!"

At the same moment, the door was burst open, and John Waft entered, followed by a crowd of unmannerly young fellows and chil-

dren, with pots, and pans, and marrow-bones, yelling and shouting.

"What is the meaning of this?" cried Mr. Bell, in his sermon-voice, rising from his seat, and looking with a stern countenance. The Bailie cowered into the crowd and disappeared, whilst the mob stood hushed.

I soon guessed what it meant, and said, laughing, though we had been so earnest just before, "This is the upshot of that mistake of mine about Mrs. Cockspur. The Bailie has been telling them of the supposed marriage, and they have come with this tempestuous salutation to an old fool's third wedding. Then turning to the intruders, I added, "Gentlemen, ye're too soon; the bride's consent is yet to be asked;" at which they all slunk away, but the poor laddie Charles continued to weep very bitterly.

It seems, when he went to fetch Mr. Herbert, he had heard I was actually married, and had seen some of the preparations which were making for that ungracious epithalamium. It need not be added, that the interruption broke up our session.

CHAPTER IV.

'Tis not so noted in the bond.

BETIMES in the morning, before Mr. Herbert's school-hour, I was with him, for all the live-long night I could think only of my misled boy, as I then began to consider him, the dark fears and despondent prognostications of Mr. Bell having infected me to that extremity. But in Mr. Herbert I found a comforter.

"I beseech you," said he, almost as soon as he saw me, "to drive from your mind the unchristian reflections of yon disappointed man. The lad is but sowing his wild oats, and, after all, it appears to be to no great extent. It is dangerous to make too much of such things."

Thus it came to pass, that upon the counselling of Mr. Herbert, I wrote a gentle admonitory letter to Robin, pointing out the inevitable consequences which would ensue if he neglected his business, or associated himself with

lads of loose morals and midnight revellings. I also addressed Mr. Ferret in the most earnest manner, entreating him to watch my son with vigilance, and to let me know from time to time how he conducted himself. The anxieties of a parent were now awakened in my bosom; and the grief I felt was unspeakable, when I thought of the bare possibility of the innocent and playful child, the lamb of my first love, becoming tainted with the dishonours of a profligate life.

When this was done, I stopped some time with Mr. Herbert, until his pupils began to collect. I told him when I expected to be able to move to Judiville, and remarked, that I wondered why he had never been there, mentioning among other things, as an inducement to visit it, the character and tasteful conduct of the Cockspurs.

He had heard of them before, but seemingly without taking any particular interest in them; when, however, I described the sort of man I thought the old gentleman must have been, the judicious education of the young folks, and above all, the serenity and gentleness of the mother, he seemed for some time to be lost in cogitation.

"Can it be possible?" said he aloud, speaking in soliloquy, not noticing I was with him— "Can it be possible?" and then he fell into a brown study, and appeared abstracted from every thing around him.

About this crisis of our discourse the children belonging to the school began to tumble in, and we had no leisure for farther conversation. As I bade him good morning, he said, if it was not obtruding on me, he would come round to my house again in the evening. To which, as there was no cause to make it inconvenient, I kindly invited him.

After that satisfactory interview, I went in quest of John Waft, being determined to endure no longer his meddlings and intrusions. I had often before resolved to come to an issue with him, but as often something always happened to turn up by which my anger for the time was allayed. After the uproar of the preceding night, in which he was so openly act and part, I could, however, bear him no longer. For not only was the natural disposition of the bodie most troublesome, but he saw it fashed me, and he was in consequence tempted to plague me the more.

In going along towards his house, I naturally

reflected on what had taken place the preceding evening, particularly on the quandary into which I was so strongly cast about Mrs. Cockspur; and it appeared to me to be a duty incumbent, not only to get rid of John Waft, but to stifle the silly tale which had been constructed about me and the old gentlewoman. I saw, unless an end was put to his prying and prattling curiosity, as well as to that conjecture concerning her, my peace in this world, or at least in the settlement, was gone for ever.

As I was walking leisurely along so thinking, I felt a hand suddenly laid familiarly on my shoulder, and turning round briskly, who was this but the incarnated pestilence himself!

" Well," cried he, before I had time even to shake off his tangible salutation — " There was a droll prematurity in the coming upon you last night, Mr. Todd, thinking you were a bridegroom; but it was all owing to the haste —the heady haste of the young men, and I was only there by an accidence."

I was on the point of answering this in a way, for which he appeared, by his jocularity, little prepared; but, upon reflection, I only brushed down his hand from off my shoulder, and said dryly, " How do ye do?"

"Ah," replied he, without noticing what I had said, "really Mr. Todd yon was a very suspicious laupsus lingos of yours anent Mrs. Cockspur, but I hope the worthy leddy will no' be exposed to any molestation about it; especially as ye have declared that nothing was farther from your thoughts than a marriage with her: nor am I surprised at it, for although you are not a very old man, she might, for age, be your mother. Had ye been as well stricken in years as me, I 'll no' say that any body could have disapproved of the match. As for me, to be sure, it was not likely, even had I been a wanter, that a fine leddy like her would have thought of me."

By this sort of dissonance he so disarmed me of my purpose, that I forgot the intent on which I was bound, and from less to more we began to speak of Mr. Herbert as a man, both for years and manners, far more befitting to be husband to the old lady, than any other elderly man in the two settlements.

This notion had not occurred to me, nor, for many reasons, did it appear to be rational. In the first place, there was nothing about Mrs. Cockspur to give any cause to think she would marry again; whilst there was a great deal that

rendered it very questionable indeed, if she would stoop to a poor domine, although he was such a man as was not likely to be fallen in with among the best in the State. To that effect was my response to the Bailie.

"Ay, ay!" was his answer; "it 's fine talking about politess in the woods, and jointures, and tochers, and a' the other prijinkities of marriage-articles. 'Deed, Mr. Todd, we 're here in a state of Nature, and ought not to be too strict anent things of that kind, nor, indeed, about any sort of bargaining. By the by, talking of bargains, I have for some time had a mind to speak to you on a matter of that kind, wishing for your help and advice. I have been thinking, Mr. Todd, when you remove to Judiville, there will be a vacancy for a store here in Babelmandel—is not that your opinion?"

I replied, "No doubt, it was; but I am in hope that perhaps some person will be disposed to make an agreement to take mine off my hand." Calling abruptly to my recollection at that moment how the bodie had vexed me in the affair of his proposed "shoppie," I thought this a fair opportunity to be upsides with him, so I resolved to play him as good a prank as he then played me, and accordingly added, "Once

on a time, had not you yourself, Mr. Waft, a notion of keeping a store, or rather, a 'wee shoppie?' Here's a capital opportunity now, if you are still that way inclined."

"If it depended on the inclination," said he, "the business might soon be settled between us; but, to tell you the truth, I doubt if I have the substance; and maybe ye would not be disposed to deal with me on commission?"

"I think, Mr. Waft, ye should by this time know that I am a man liberal to deal with," was my sly answer, pretending to be in earnest; being persuaded he was coming round me with one of his hooky-crookies; and I subjoined, just to see the lengths he would go, "But to be plain with you, Mr. Waft, I would rather sell the store and the residue of the goods, on an indulgent credit, than make an agency: I would rather make a sacrifice at once, than run the risks and incur the vexations of a commission-trade—so few agents ever give their principals satisfaction!"

And just to carry on the joke, I said, "Now, have ye a mind for a spec? Make me an offer, and you should have no cause to call me a hard man."

"I have told you what is the fact, Mr.

Todd, that the state of my substance is the only impediment," was his answer, spoken in a sedate, rational manner; but knowing what a fox it was, I was not to be so taken in, as that he should have again the laugh against me, so, I parried him in his own way, and repeated, "Make me an offer, no harm can come of that."

"Ah, Mr. Todd," said he, "if I were to make you an offer, such is my ignorance, I doubt you would jump at it like a cock at a grozet. But could no' you yoursel give me a bit inkling noo of what you would take for the store-house, the fifth part of your present stock of nails and hardware, three crates of crockery, and three bales of blankets, with the choice of twenty pieces of calicos and dry goods?"

"That would require some time to make a calculation, "was my answer; "but I 'll let you have the store-house, and an assortment similar to what I bought from Mr. Nackets at Olympus, for five hundred dollars; I paid him as much for the goods, so that you would have the store gratis."

This, I need not tell the courteous reader, was a ridiculous offer, being such as no man not joking would ever make; but the bodie,

which confirmed me in the opinion that he was at his old trade, replied :—

"Na, na, Mr. Todd, I hope you have a better conceit of my understanding than to expect I would ever be guilty of such extravagance."

"Well," said I, "you shall have it for four hundred dollars."

"No, Mr. Todd, I could never think of that; indeed, ye're far above my mark. If ye would look at two hundred and fifty dollars, maybe I could let you see them."

"Down with the dust, and the goods and store are yours," was my bold and brave acceptance: but judge of my consternation, when I beheld him sit down coolly on the trunk of a tree, unbutton his waistcoat, rip up the lining, and take out a handful of the United States' Bank notes.

When I recovered my breath, I said, "Surely, Mr. Waft, ye could no' think me in earnest; you could not believe I was such a fool?" But to make a short of a long tale, he stuck to the bargain, and would not even take a liberal solacium to give it up. So that in the end I was, after no little argolbargoling, obliged to succumb; for I had no encouragement to fight

him at law, and conscience would not let me deny the bargain. He, however, promised he would tell nobody what he had paid me, and that was all the satisfaction I got for my first performance in the hooky-crooky line. "Catch me," said I, when we settled the business, "catch me again at such costly daffin."

CHAPTER V.

Oh, cursed ambition! in pursuit of thee,
Thou unsubstantial iris of the brain,
I have so far into the desert run,
That all around me seems one blasted heath.

Agreeably to his appointment, Mr. Herbert came to me in the evening. He had been uniformly treated by all my family with the greatest respect; indeed, such was the superiority of manner with which he always conducted himself, that it was impossible for any one to approach him with familiarity. Out of this grew a little ceremony in our treatment of him not observed towards other visitors.

My house, as the courteous reader knows, though good of its kind, was yet but a primitive log tabernacle. It had been enlarged by several additions, and besides a common outer room, which served all the purposes of kitchen, hall, and parlour, contained a bed-chamber

better than the rest, and which would not have been any disparagement to a more ostentatious edifice. Into this chamber Mr. Herbert, when he came alone, was always shown: it was only when he happened to look in upon us while I was enjoying myself in the midst of my family, that he took a seat in the outer room, requesting that his accidental appearance might not disturb us. But on this occasion he acted differently.

Instead of halting at the door as he usually did, to speak a word or two with Mrs. Hoskins, or to say something in his mild, facetious way to the girls, he went, without opening his mouth, directly into the inner chamber, although I was sitting opposite to the door when he entered, and entirely disengaged.

"What's the matter with him?" said I to myself, as I rose to follow him.

"Mr. Herbert," rejoined Mrs. Hoskins, "is strange and discomposed."

"Is Mr. Herbert here?" said Bailie Waft, opening the door at the same instant and looking in.

"Ye'll hear tell o' that by-and-by," was the answer he got, and I was on the point of shutting the door in the bodie's impertinent face.

"Come out, come out, come out!" replied he in a hurried whisper; and catching hold of me by the lapel of the coat, he pulled me to the outside, and drew the door to behind me.

I had but small cause that day to be in a tolerant humour with a man whom I never met without receiving some kind of provocation or other. So I turned round sharply in order to return into the house, and told him I would see him another time, another day, or any time, but could not then, as I had business to transact with Mr. Herbert.

"Oh, very well," said he, "very well;" and walked away in a huff; a pridefulness he never ventured to assume towards me before, and which excessively disconcerted me, as he had in the morning so effectually got the vantage. However, I returned into the house, and ordering a light to be brought into the room, joined Mr. Herbert, who was sitting alone in the inner chamber.

He was the first who spoke:—

"Mr. Todd," said he, "I have already made you acquainted with the outline in feeling, if I may so speak, of my history; and I had hoped no occasion would arise to call from me a fuller account: but we have no control over Destiny.

What you mentioned this morning respecting the family of the Cockspurs is singular; and I should not be deserving of that kindness with which you have ever treated me, did I longer withhold from you the particulars of my life. They are in themselves not romantic, but, as connected with the story of that family, might, without much art, be made to seem so. Our inevitable meeting here in the wilderness, is a remarkable instance of that predisposition by which the different scenes of life are developed into a systematical and consistent drama. The art with which the different parts of a man's fortunes are put together, is scarcely less wonderful than the mechanical contrivance displayed in the construction of his corporal frame."

I was a good deal surprised to hear him talk in this manner, and knew not very well what answer to make, farther than to assure him, and it was perfectly true, that I had met with few persons in whom I had taken a greater interest; and that, while I certainly longed to know more of his misfortunes than he had yet communicated, my curiosity was, nevertheless, so restrained by the esteem with which I regarded him, that I trusted he would never find

me actuated to seek more of his confidence than he was pleased voluntarily to bestow.

After some farther general but grave conversation, he began his story with evident emotion, but in a brisk and earnest manner; touching forcibly on the facts, and lightly hastening over the incidents which were calculated to excite the feelings.

"My father was a Clergyman, and held the living of Stoke Melcomb. Nature had endowed him with excellent talents, but he enjoyed none of the advantages which arise from connexions or fortune. He had, when at college, done some service to a young nobleman, and was rewarded, after an interval of many years, with that living. In this lay the source of my misfortunes, or rather, it produced that sterility of fortune, by which, though always on the edge of prosperity, I was yet also equally near to the precipice of poverty. By the countenance of my father's patron, I had access to such company as aspiring young men desire; and I acquired habits inconsistent with my condition and prospects, but not to such a degree as to lessen the respectability of the one, or to blight the promise of the other.

"It might have been supposed, under such

circumstances, that I should have been destined for a professional life; having no capital to enable me to procure access to the preserves of established commerce: but it was not so, nor can I tell how it was never thought of; I discovered that error myself, when too late.

" About the period when my father began to reflect seriously on the necessity of sending me into the world, the Melcomb and Freightborough Canal was projected. Without much solicitation, for my character was not unknown among the subscribers, he procured me the appointment of clerk to the association.

" At that period, among those who took a leading part in the concerns of the canal, was a Mr. Devereux. Business led me to see him often, and he formed a flattering opinion of me. He was an accomplished man—a younger son of one of the oldest and most opulent families in the county. It was impossible to know him without admiring the resources of his ingenuity; the rapid perspicacity with which he saw into every proposition offered to his consideration, and the discernment with which he penetrated the motives of those who addressed him either for favour or on business; but it was also impossible to feel for him the slightest degree of per-

sonal attachment. It is strange, that talents, and even virtues, should sometimes be disagreeable. No man could possess a more refined sense of duty, integrity more incorruptible, nor intelligence more practical; and yet, from an indescribable austerity of nature, he was evidently insensible to the blandishments alike of affection and of feeling.

"Mr. Devereux had a daughter, her name was Sophia; she is now Mrs. Cockspur; at that time she was in the bloom of youth. Her beauty was of the most delicate and gentle kind; all about her betokened extreme amiability, and a diffident spirit in need of kindness. She had early lost her mother, and felt, like the rest of the world, the incommunicable disposition of her father. She was alone, and a degree of timidity, the effect of the solitude in which she lived, threw the interest of a spell around her. She was seen at the first sight with the tenderness of pity, at the second it was warmed to passion.

"But could I aspire, in the fortuneless condition of my hereditary circumstances, to the hand of one whose whole race had ever been jealous of their blood,—a jealousy said to be stronger

in her father than in all the other members of their proud and ancient family?

"Devoted as I was to Sophia Devereux, I was yet not so enchanted by passion as to be insensible to the folly of cherishing hopeless love,—I resolved to quit that part of the country, and to seek my fortune in London. I did so, and that was the error of which I spoke when I first related the brief generality of my fruitless life. I had then no friends, no one to sympathize with my good or with my ill fortune, certainly not one single soul who thought of me when I was out of sight. Still, I persevered, and after many endeavours, sufficient to make a book of romantic adventures, at a late period of life I reached, as I have told you, the summit of my ambition. But I am proceeding too fast.

"I was succeeded in the office of the Melcomb and Freightborough Canal, by a young man, a companion of my own, possessed of singular energy of character and splendid endowments. He was in his feelings and sentiments the most independent of men; but he had a taint of the prevalent epidemic of the time—democracy, then just beginning its ravages.

" It was a subject of wonder in the county, how Mr. Devereux ever consented that such a person should be employed in any business under his superintendence; but Cockspur had his fortune to make, and therefore, although he valued but little the honours of heraldry and descent on their own account, he yet paid deference to their possessors, on account of the means they possessed of helping his promotion.

" Mr. Devereux was too much a Tory even to dream of the possibility of such humble individuals as Cockspur or myself venturing to look up to his daughter; and yet he was not so rigid in his principles as to forego valuable services merely for what he called a touch of the Gallic epidemic. He had been displeased with me for assigning no reason on the occasion of my retiring from the office, and perhaps that feeling engendered the motive which made him the decided patron of Cockspur.

" Cockspur had not been long in confidential intercourse with his patron, before he too felt the influence of Sophia's beauty, and the more endearing charm of her gentleness: like myself, he saw the hopelessness of ever conquering the hereditary prejudices of her father; but he

continued to cultivate his good opinion with redoubled endeavour.

"Mr. Devereux had, some time before I left Freightborough, been afflicted with pulmonic symptoms: I never thought of them, but Cockspur did; for with all his ardent passions he had a cool head. He saw that no long time could elapse until the character of the disease would be decidedly determined; and assuming that the result would be favourable to his wishes, he concealed even from Sophia the sentiments she had inspired. The old man died, and in the course of the following year Sophia and Cockspur were married.

"Now his republican arrogance broke out. His connexion with the business of the canal was of course ended; in the free enjoyment of her fortune, he became an influential character in the county, and, saving that pride of opinion, which belongs so exclusively to persons of the same political principles, he was deservedly held in great esteem. This tempted him at a general election to offer himself for the county—the only imprudent error, it is said, he ever committed; and never was presumption more thoroughly chastised. He had no friendly nor familiar

associates in the county. He was unacquainted with the sentiments of the gentry and freeholders; he mistook the shouts of the populace for influential popularity, and his solicitors fell into the same fault. They were clever persons, but without local connexions; brought from London at an expense detrimental to his fortune.

"On the day of election, the few voters who had been secured for him, kept aloof until it should be seen by whom among the great freeholders he was supported. Still, many hands were held up; but only his proposer and seconder polled for him. He retired from the hustings amidst the jeers of the gentry, breathing vengeance he knew not wherefore, nor against whom.

"From that day he sequestrated himself from the gentlemen of the county, and declaredly began to prepare for the removal of his family to America. No man was possessed of more constancy in purpose, nor was more implacable in his resentments; but he had nobler qualities, and it would be doing him great wrong, to say that his mortification prompted him to any undertaking of personal revenge; but all his ad-

versaries regarded his sequestration as dictated by animosity against them individually.

"The presumption of offering himself as a candidate for the county, was indeed an offence not to be soon forgiven by the squirarchy. They set him down for a determined, disloyal man, only waiting for an opportunity of letting loose his malice against them; to this they ascribed his remaining so long in England after his declared intention to quit it for ever. He had, however, no other motive but only to educate his sons for a forest life and independence in the wilderness, which he believed could not, according to his notions, be properly accomplished in the United States; and it was for that he remained exposed to the humiliation of shunning and being shunned.

"Such was the state in which he stood, when, seven years after I had quitted Freightborough, I returned to visit my father. I will not say my passion for Sophia Devereux was then extinguished—that it could never be; but it was subdued; and that I might not seem to have forgotten the attentions I had received from her father, and the cheerful hours spent in her own society, I resolved to visit Cockspur.

"By this time I was become a stranger in the county. What were its intrigues and petty cabals to me? And my residence in London had taught me to take a more generous view of men's political principles than accorded with the harshness of provincial intolerance. I carried my resolution into effect, and was received with the hospitality due from one old and early companion to another.

"I had heard of the rigid discipline which he maintained in his family, and of the despotism of his character. But I was delightfully disappointed; all the amiable feelings which, under other circumstances, would have been shared with the world, were concentrated at home. The mind that was fit to rule a nation had found itself employment among his children. And although the effects of his systematic management were every where visible, it was yet no where felt."

Mr. Herbert at this point became in some degree agitated; he suspended his narrative, and took several turns across the floor, evidently collecting himself. He at last succeeded.

CHAPTER VI.

Alas! how little in this world of things
Are held the feelings that pervade the heart.

WHEN Mr. Herbert returned to his seat, he resumed his story, but with less alacrity of language. Some regretful reminiscence had come across his mind; he spoke more heavily, and appeared to feel a weight upon his spirit that could not be shaken off. There was, as it were, stiffness, pain, and swellings, in his faculties.

"The recollections of an old man's first love," said he, with a faint smile, "will please but few auditors. I shall therefore abstain from attempting to describe my feelings, when I beheld Sophia Devereux, in the glow of the evening, sitting in the midst of her playful children on the lawn in front of their residence. Her heart was bound up in them; she had no thought for the world, nor for the inclemency of its strictures. She had been so long estranged

from it, that she had ceased to take any interest in its proceedings. And she added, with a sigh, after having so explained her contentment, 'It is fortunate I have acquired this taste for retirement and tranquillity. The wilderness cannot be more friendless than the excommunication in which we live here.'

"You will not suppose that I was inclined at that moment to touch any jangling string. Mr. Cockspur was about some twenty or thirty yards off, looking at one of the plants in the shrubbery, and beyond hearing. 'But what does he think?' said I, looking towards him.

"'He endures it bravely,' was her answer, 'but not with my composure: I am but a poor wife for an ambitious man; I can neither resent nor resolve with sufficient determination.'

"By this brief speech, but more by the manner than the words, I persuaded myself she was less happy than she affected to be: but nothing farther passed that evening, for Mr. Cockspur came to us with a remarkable leaf in his hand, and the conversation became a babble about buds and blossoms.

"Next morning, some of his agricultural experiments called him early abroad, and he was not returned when I entered the breakfast-

parlour, where Mrs. Cockspur was sitting alone. My mind had been much occupied during the night with the thought of her unhappiness; but do me the justice to believe there was more of sorrow than of passion in my ruminations. Time had somewhat changed with me the course of love, and had thrown it into the calmer channel of affection. A brother could not have spoken with a purer sympathy, when, in reverting to the incidental remark she had made the preceding evening, I expressed my regret that Mr. Cockspur should ever have exposed himself to the contumely of his proud and illiberal neighbours.

"I am not sure that I made use of one word more than was necessary to convey my meaning, or employed either action or accent that did not belong to the sentiment delivered in the mildest form.

"But the effect on her surprised me. She made no answer; I could see, however, that she gradually became deeply agitated, and she finally began to weep.

"'For myself,' said she, when she had suppressed her emotion, 'I do not think of the consequences which have arisen from the manner my husband has estranged himself from

every body—perhaps provoked that retaliation which he feels more than he is willing to acknowledge—but my children! the risk they run of being regarded as outcasts, fills me with inexpressible alarm.'

"The conversation continued some time in this affecting strain, and she spoke to me, as an old friend, of many humiliations to which she had personally been subjected from the neighbouring families. It was impossible not to feel for her situation; and from no other sentiment than sympathy, I said unguardedly, that Cockspur was too selfish in his resentments; he should make some sacrifice of them for her and his children.

"One of the windows opened into a conservatory, which opened upon the lawn, and in which, it would seem, Cockspur had been some time, and had overheard the latter part, at least, of our conversation. At my remark he abruptly entered, his face inflamed, and his eyes flashing, and for a few seconds he looked at his lady, and then turned with a stern aspect to me.

"Not conscious of having exceeded the privileges of friendship, his sudden appearance, though it may have a little surprised, in no

degree disconcerted me: but I was struck with the manner in which he turned upon me. Preserving, however, my presence of mind, I said to him with perfect self-possession, and jocularly, 'That listeners seldom heard any good of themselves;' and was proceeding to recount in substance what I had been saying to Mrs. Cockspur, and to urge some abatement of that abstraction from society, by which she so much suffered.

"While I was speaking, he preserved a profound, but evidently an indignant silence, and when I paused, he said in a cool, sardonic manner, 'Have you any thing more to say?'

"I was not exactly prepared for this, but still I was able to answer him without apparent emotion.

"'Mr. Cockspur, you are offended—I have done nothing to offend you; I am too much the friend of you and of your family, not to lament that you should deem it necessary to persevere—'

"He suddenly interrupted me, his choler evidently increasing, as he said:—

"'I think, Sir, you have transgressed the privileges of our degree of intimacy;' and he laid particular emphasis on the word degree:

adding, 'I can permit no more; and I but act on the principle which you have impugned with so much freedom, in requesting an early termination of your visit.'

"I felt this almost as an insult; but I could not disguise from myself that I had taken more liberty than could well be justified. The interest I felt in the happiness of Mrs. Cockspur, could alone excuse to myself the indelicacy of speaking to a wife so freely of her husband. And yet, in what I had said, there was nothing which might not have been repeated before him. The position, however, in which he had placed himself, exposed him to so many mortifications, that his heart was excoriated: he could as little endure the emollients of friendship, as the provocations of enmity; his mind was skinless; and though his innate strength of character enabled him to endure the anguish with Promethean fortitude, he was yet not the less miserable.

"As I retired from the house, I could not but reflect on the exclusion to which the gentle Sophia Devereux was doomed; and pity for her helpless condition, and the mortifying consequences of it to her children, revived much of the tenderness, without the passion, which I had

once cherished. Of Cockspur I could not think without indignation, and I had almost worked myself into a resolution to challenge him, even while I admitted that the peculiarity of the case afforded me no pretence to do so.

"While I was riding towards my father's in that humour, Mr. Groves, one of the gentlemen of the neighbourhood, overtook me on the road. We had been formerly intimately acquainted, and he was then so far on his way to ask me to his house, in order to meet some of our old friends.

"'But,' said he, 'you will probably not relish a condition that I am under the necessity of attaching to the request?'

"'Is it that I break off my intercourse with Mr. Cockspur?'

"Without directly answering the question, he replied, 'We have all done so. He has opposed himself to all the county in such a manner, and expresses such un-English sentiments on every occasion when he can obtain an opportunity to do so, that it became necessary to exclude him. Had he been a person less distinguished for talent and intrepidity, we should not have conferred on him so much distinction;

but his abilities make him, in these times, a dangerous man.'

" 'Had the request been made, coupled with the condition, an hour ago,' replied I, 'you would probably have expected an unequivocal rejection of your kindness: but now the condition is unnecessary;' and I explained to him so much of what had taken place, as superseded the necessity of any explanation on his part; I had correctly guessed the nature of the intended condition.

" In the course of the afternoon, my father having retired to his study, while I was sitting alone after dinner, reflecting on the incident of the morning, and saddened with the thought of the unhappiness I had witnessed, perhaps had augmented, while anxious to diminish it—Mr. Cockspur was announced. 'Shall I see him?' was the first question I put to myself: 'Can I, after what has taken place with Mr. Groves?' But while I hesitated, he entered the room.

" 'I will not let you hesitate,' was his exclamation, before the servant had time to retire. 'I have come to entreat your pardon for my rudeness this morning; to thank you for the brotherly interest you have taken in our happiness—I have come, at Sophia's request, to

solicit you to renew your visit;' and he held out his hand so frankly, that I had almost accepted it; but I paused, and moved back a pace or two.

"'Is it so?' said he, with a shudder; and in a restrained but pathetic tone he added, 'With what taint am I infected, that all the world avoids me? Have you too cast us off?'

"Knowing the firm character and intense sensibility of the man, I was painfully affected at hearing him so far confess his misery; but the situation in which I stood with the principal gentlemen of the county, through the medium of Mr. Groves, embarrassed me beyond description. My heart prompted me to seize the proffered hand, and to forget, as I forgave, what had passed:—but could I forego, on Cockspur's account, my earliest friends, and the companions of my happiest years?

"I remained silent, and he threw himself into the elbow-chair where my father had been sitting, and covered his eyes with his hand. At last I found myself able to address him, which I did to the following effect.

"'Since I left your house this morning, I have seen Mr. Groves. He was, indeed, coming here to invite me to meet some of my old

companions; but his invitation had a condition attached to it. Your behaviour to me rendered the stipulation unnecessary; and I am no longer free to renew our intercourse, but also upon condition.'

"He started from his seat, and with an energy that lent a frightful, an almost demoniacal expression to his countenance—

"'Never, never! no man shall tell me of conditions,—conditions for what? on which he will tolerate me as an associate,—Never!' and he instantly left the room.

"This interview disturbed me more painfully than even the previous rupture. It appeared to present an opportunity of bringing about some sort of reconciliation between him and his neighbours, but his vehemence at once blasted the hope.

"A few days after I returned to London; and for several years I heard nothing of the Cockspurs, farther than that they still lived in the same excluded and sequestered state, and that the education of the sons for a woodland life was perseveringly adhered to."

Just in this crisis of Mr. Herbert's narrative, Bailie Waft patted on a pane of the window, which, by the way, he cracked, for it was that

thin flash glass which cannot abide handling. "Dear me, Sirs," cried he, "are ye no' done yet? Really, Mr. Todd, I have something most particular to tell you: if ye can but spare me a minute, you would oblige me and yourself likewise."

I rose, and going to the window replied with severity, "I wish ye could give me any cause for an obligation; see, ye have cracket a lozen: I request you will call at the store in the morning and pay for 't: Good night." And with these cool and calm words I returned to my seat beside Mr. Herbert.

CHAPTER VII.

Alas! the constancy of my sad mind
I put to dreadful proof.

AFTER a few judicious animadversions on the impertinence of John Waft, for Mr. Herbert was sometimes plagued with him as well as I was, he resumed.

"In consequence of the death of my father, which happened in the course of the sixth year after the event just described, I had no inducement to revisit Stoke Melcomb: but the unfortunate situation of Sophia Devereux still saddened my thoughts, and the recollections of our youthful intercourse were sweet in my memory, like the withered rose-leaves in the jar.

"One day a smart youth brought me a letter: it was from Mrs. Cockspur, and the bearer was Oliver, her eldest son. She informed me, that he had been sent to London to acquire some

practical knowledge of mechanics, and she begged that I would allow him to consider me as a friend.

"This incident gave me great pleasure—but it told me that the excommunication still continued, otherwise the grandson of Mr. Devereux would not have been in need of my friendship. The following year Bradshaw, the second son, also came to London; but he brought me no letter. I had in the mean time shown a few little civilities to Oliver, and it was not doubted I should be as attentive to him—so the boy himself told me—and subjoined with a degree of affecting sensibility, 'for we consider you as our only friend.'

"When they had been in London two years, they were recalled by their father to accompany him in a tour to the principal manufacturing towns, and to inspect some of the canals. His health had been declining, and he was advised to travel. In fact, the chagrin in which he had so long lived was beginning to affect his constitution; but his unrelaxing spirit would make no concession to his neighbours, even while he was consuming with the desire to be re-admitted into their society.

"From that period I have not seen the two

lads, who by this time must be men—Oliver cannot be less than twenty-four. Volumnia—for Cockspur's republican predilections extended to the names of his children—was a fine girl, when—"

Here Mr. Herbert paused suddenly, and then resumed.

"Yes, when I saw her last, which was about twelve months after her father's death:—Mr. Cockspur never recovered his health; the journey with his sons, on the contrary, accelerated the progress of his disease. He returned home with diminished strength, and lingered with increasing symptoms to the following spring, when he died, a self-immolated victim to his stubborn principles.

"About that time my prospects began rapidly to improve; they had for many years been bare and sterile, when suddenly, as if some new energy had been communicated to all my commercial friends and connexions, a situation was found for me in the management of an extensive combination of their interests in a general banking-house. I had the good fortune to give satisfaction, as I have already told you; and while good fortune was so flourishing, the long quiescent feelings of my youthful passion began

to revive, and hopes and wishes to bud, as it were, under the influence of a new spring.

"I revisited Stoke Melcomb, where, though I found that, from the death of Mr. Cockspur, the circle of exclusion had been opened to his family, yet the long unmerited interdict to which Sophia Devereux had been subjected, made her averse to re-enter, and anxious to quit that part of the country, even until her sons, who happened to be then absent, were ready to proceed to America. This avowal on her part led to a more tender disclosure on mine, of my early attachment. The snows of age had already begun to whiten upon both our heads; but affection is an ever-green, and she acknowledged that she saw my first departure for London with sorrow. But why should I dwell on this topic? Arrangements were made for our union.

"I returned to London, in order to prepare for her reception; but on my arrival that terrible revulsion commenced in trade in 1810. The association for which I acted was blasted in its chiefest members, and I was directed to close and wind-up the concern. Under such circumstances, could I think of marriage? I informed Mrs. Cockspur of what had taken

place; and, without resigning the claim I had established to call her mine, begged that our wedding might be postponed. It was at that time I went to Hastings on the sea-shore, and in that disconsolate epoch, the accident happened by which I was brought to America. She believes me no more; whatever regard she once entertained for me, exists but among her regrets and remembrances. Can it be kind to disturb her recovered tranquillity? How can a poor old village-schoolmaster, housed with poverty, and wrenching his morsel of bread from the fangs of want, venture to present himself to Sophia Devereux?"

Although my heart biggened in my bosom, as the venerable gentleman concluded, I yet mastered courage to say with a gay flourish, "Faint heart never won fair lady;" but I really could think of no counsel to give him.

"No," said he; "ten years have made a great change in both. The wrinkles, which were then just beginning to trace their lines, are now deepened into furrows, and with one of us they have been channels to many tears. No, the flowery bridal wreath suits ill with grey hairs. Think you the young men her sons would ever suffer propriety to be so outraged in the gentle dignity of their mother?"

"The hand of Providence, Mr. Herbert," said I—"the hand of Providence is visible in your case. Were you lifted out of the raging deep, and set upon the bottom of a boat, and a French ship sent to take you abroad and far from the troubles which beset you at home, to bring you safe unto this land of refuge—all for nothing?—No, Sir, you were preserved for a purpose; so walk you onward, and abide the issues that will come to pass."

"That's a fine piety," Mr. Todd, said Bailie Waft, who had slipped unobserved into the room, and was standing behind me; "but will you hear me, now that ye have said your moral? for you ken the moral always concludes the fable. I have been waiting for you, both out and in, for a long time, the business no' admitting of delay: something must be done in it this night. Noo, Mr. Todd, for this time I am really serious; as sure 's death, Mr. Todd, I am this night a sincere man."

I need scarcely say that such a succession of intrusions was a great trial; but on this earnest declaration, being quite overcome, I signed to him, without speaking, to take a seat.

"You see, gentlemen," he resumed, "there has happened this evening a most memorable event to us all. I was just sauntering by myself

in the twilight, thinking of this and moralizing of that, and marvelling how one thing happens after another; when, lo and behold! two most respectable gentlemen came making genteel bows towards me. I was astonished. Well —'Are you Mr. Hoskins?' said one of them, in a most pleasant manner; I could make no less response than that I had not that honour. What can they want with Mr. Hoskins? thought I. 'Then, you are Mr. Todd,' said the other; I could not in conscience, you know, Mr. Todd, say I was you; but they had so quickened my curiosity, that I gave them a look of significance."

"In the name of truth, did you pass yourself for me?" cried I. Mr. Herbert smiled, notwithstanding the state of his own sensibilities; and the tormentor coolly replied,

"Just be calm, Mr. Todd; just be calm. This is a great thing: water from the rock, manna from the skies, are as natural as ice and hailstones, compared with our miracle in the wilderness. Well, you see, the two gentlemen, probably supposing that I was you, said they were as well pleased to find Mr. Todd as Mr. Hoskins, and forthwith they began to tell me who they were: Mr. Van Haarlem, of Newborough,

and no less than the rich Mr. Breugle from Albany."

"Well," said I.

"You may weel say well, but be thankit would be more to the purpose," was his retort; and he continued.

"Then they began to say, that having heard how the settlements in this Genesee tract were progressing, they had come to see with their own eyes if rumour told the truth, and they were right well content with what they had seen; so they said, after an interchange of parly voos, that they had received a high character of Mr. Hoskins, and of me:—that was, because they thought I was you, Mr. Todd—ye see what it is to have the fame of ability:—and so, from less to more, they began to speak to a business-like purpose, and of a proposal they intended to make us: believing I was you, and the partner of Mr. Hoskins. Noo will ye guess what this proposal is to be? and in black and white you will receive it to-morrow morning. I'll wager a plack and a bawbee, if ye guess till the break of day, ye'll never be a bit the wiser. Oh, Mr. Herbert, it's just the trade that you, with your counting-house sleights, were made for. Noo, make a guess, Mr. Her-

bert: Mr. Todd, keep your composity, and make a guess. Well, if ye 'll no' try, and I must tell, what would ye think of setting up a bank in Judiville? what do you think of that, Gaffer Toddie?" and he gave me a whacking innuendos, as he called it, between the shoulders, which almost took away my breath; but notwithstanding, I knew not how it happened, I was seized with an immoderate fit of laughing. It was not a laugh of satisfaction and titillation, but an extraordinary shout and convulsion, which continued with a hysterical vehemence beyond the power of Nature to repress.

"Noo for once you will allow that I have brought you glad tidings," resumed the Bailie, when I had, in some degree, recovered my composure; "but when I heard of such a Potosi coming among us, I bethought me that the gentlemen would not be pleased if I gathered secrets only meant for you and Mr. Hoskins; so I prudently warned them I was only a friend to Mr. Todd. And in that I had an eye to futurity; for I thought if I played a deceptional part, that maybe hereafter, when I might want to discount a bit scrap of paper, they would say the well was dry, or the cow's yell, or, looking through it between them and the light,

observe, without looking me in the face, 'It won't suit us.' So I begged their pardon, and told them I was not Mr. Todd, though people were apt to mistake the one for the other, on account of our remarkable likeness to each other, and similarity of talent. Finally, having made two attempts to obtain an audience, as ye know, I was obliged to go back to the gentlemen, and to say you were so busy with the schooolmaster helping you to settle your store-accounts, that ye could not see them this night. So they are now at the tavern, waiting till you and the sun gladden the world in the morning."

This was, indeed, a very wonderful occurrence; but I was angry with the officious bodie in saying I needed a schoolmaster's help in my accounts, to gentlemen that were come to make a banking-concern with me.

CHAPTER VIII.

To make the crown a pound.

THE next day was a great day in Babelmandel: I rose with the crowing of the cock, and dispatched my son Charles on horseback to Judiville, to request uncle Hoskins to come to me immediately. I roused Mrs. Hoskins, to prepare for us the best breakfast and dinner that the means of the village could afford. I directed the two girls to be decked in their fairest frocks, and all the house to be trimmed up and put in order; and I dressed myself in my best suit of black, which is the colour I always wear—it saves money, when relations happen to bequeath the misfortune of going into mourning. But, when all these orders were given, Charles off, and the preparations stirring, a cold thought came into my head: "What if all this story of the bankers be only an invention of Bailie Waft?" It is not possible to

describe what I then suffered; but, nevertheless, I resolved to go through the business as if all he had said was gospel; and accordingly, as soon as I had dressed myself, I walked leisurely towards the store to open it for the day, swinging the key of the door on the fore-finger of my right hand as I went along.

I had not proceeded above two hundred yards, when I beheld John Waft coming from his own house towards the road: he too had prepared himself for the occasion, being apparelled in his best; but verily he was an admonition by example to all men who delight in coats of many colours.

His coat was of light grey—it had been his wedding garment sometime in the course of the last century—adorned with large brazen crown-broad buttons, the least big enough for the censer of an idol's altar. Mr. Herbert called him the solar system, his buttons being planets and moons, and the spots on his swandown waistcoat the fixed stars. His decencies were of purple plush, and his hose of light blue cotton, over which he wore a pair of half boots, with long leather pull-ups dangling over their outside. His hat was almost as good and bright as new, but it had been kept in too

small a box, and had a squarish and compressed shape, something like a cocked-hat in a state of relaxation. Moreover, he sported a pair of new olive-coloured gloves, which being rather large, obliged him to be constantly pressing them into fitting, by interweaving his fingers; and his wonted every-day staff, an oaken sapling he had brought from Renfrewshire, was laid aside, for an ivory-headed Indian cane, which he only displayed at pace and yule, and other high holidays.

The sight of the Bailie in all his paraphernalia was an encouraging omen, but I would have been just as well satisfied had it been so ordained that we were not to have met that morning; so, affecting not to see him, I walked straight on towards the store, mending my pace as I approached it. He was not, however, to be so easily dispensed with, for he increased his pace also, and, taking a diagonal course, was at the door almost as soon as myself.

"Hey! Mr. Waft," said I, "what bridal or banquet are ye for the day, or is there a corn-fair and market in the woods?"

Much to my surprise, the droll bodie wore that day a sedate aspect, and looked from under the brim of his beaver with such composed eyes

that he almost seemed another character from what he had hitherto appeared.

"Ye see, Mr. Todd," replied he, "though we may use a spice o' familiarity among oursels, it behoves us to put on our manners afore strangers; so, wishing to uphold the credit of the place, I considered it my duty to dip to the bottom of the muckle chest on this occasion. For you know, when you remove to Judiville, I shall be then the principal mercantile character in Babelmandel."

"That will be a great thing," said I, hardly able to keep my gravity at hearing such a pretension.

"And I thought," resumed the Bailie, "I could do no less, out of the respect I bear you, than to dress myself in time to introduce you to the gentlemen."

I did not like this; and replied,

"I thought, Mr. Waft, you were not acquainted with them; I would be as content that they, being come on business, would introduce themselves."

Here I was again surprised, for the bodie being that morning in a peremptory mood, turned on his heel and went off in a huff: it was the second time he had done so since he took me

in by the hook-crooky bargain, thereby clearly showing that it was naturally upsetting and could not carry a full cup.

Soon after his exit in a huff, Mr. Herbert joined me, also in his modest best; and really he was like a gentleman: so calm and quiet in his manner, so neat in every point, and yet so plain and simple, that it was evident he had been destined for a better condition than that of a backwood's village dominie.

I invited him to take his breakfast with us, intending to ask the two strangers if I fell in with them in time; and in this I was not without a purpose, which in due season will be divulged. In the mean time, while we were conversing, I saw the gentlemen coming towards the store with Mr. Waft, who was plainly making himself as agreeable to them as possible, by directing their attention to different things about the village, turning round and pointing them out with his stick.

As they approached the door, the Bailie stepped aside, and the strangers came in unattended. They cast their eyes round for a moment—then they took a glance at Mr. Herbert, and afterwards at me, and finally they did homage to him. At this crisis the Bailie also entered, and

leaning his back against the counter, gave me a significant side-long look, as much as to say, "Would you not be the better of my introduction?"

Mr. Van Haarlem was the first who spoke: he addressed himself to Mr. Herbert, repeating a good deal of the commendation he had bestowed the preceding evening on the progress of the settlement.

The Bailie began to fidget, and his eyes to twinkle in their wonted manner, but he said nothing.

When Mr. Van Haarlem had finished his compliments, then Mr. Breugle cut in, and expressed the extraordinary satisfaction they had both experienced in their visit to Judiville, through which they had come in their way to Babelmandel.

The Bailie looked from under his brows and brim at me, in a malignant, though a merry manner—for all this time I was standing behind the counter, winding up string, blowing the dust from the scales, and doing such other uncalled-for work.

Mr. Van Haarlem, after some farther discourse, inquired of Mr. Herbert when he expected Mr. Hoskins, and nothing could be more

polite than the manner in which that gentleman turned to me and said,

"Mr. Todd, when do you expect the old gentleman?"

The two strangers looked for an instant confusedly at each other, and the vexatious Bailie rubbed his hands with fidgety fainness, and gave a sort of keckling laugh, as if in triumph for the victory he had gained over me: but his joy was not everlasting; for the temporary mistake of the two strangers was happily corrected by the judicious interference of Mr. Herbert, and we were soon on our way to my house, to which I invited the bankers to accompany me to breakfast; so I was upsides with the Bailie by not asking him. We had not, however, proceeded far from the store, when my heart smote me that I was behaving overly harsh to the bodie, especially as he had dressed himself to do us all honour; so, as he was slowly and slinkingly moving towards his own house, I called out, "Where now, Mr. Waft? are not you coming with us?"

"I'm thinking," said he, in a sort of out-of-countenance simplicity, "that the eggs will be cold before I can get home."

"Then ye should make more haste," cried

I, laughing; "but make our way your road to breakfast, and I can assure you that ye shall have a supply both of hot eggs and hot water."

"Ah, ye will be cutting your witty jokes at my expense," replied the bodie, coming back with a lighter foot than he turned to go away. And then we had all a good laugh at the pawkie prank he had played me in letting the strangers, for want of an introduction, mistake Mr. Herbert for me.

As I told the story myself, and not without a garnishing of jocularity, it bespoke an excellent opinion of my good nature with Mr. Van Haarlem and Mr. Breugle, as they afterwards told me.

By the time we reached my house, Mr. Hoskins was arrived, and aunty had laid out for him a change of linen and other decorations; but he would not then put them on, for breakfast was by that time ready, and he was averse to keep the two gentlemen waiting. Breakfast, however, was soon dispatched, and we all adjourned with our cigars to the stoop—I say ours, but neither Mr. Herbert nor I ever smoked, and the Bailie bodie did it so seldom, that he fell ill, and his head grew dizzy, which obliged him to return home.

During the cogitation with the cigars, I found an opportunity to tell Mr. Herbert aside that I would let him take the lead in discussing the scheme of the Bank, and that when we heard what the two gentlemen had to propose, we would have some farther deliberation between ourselves.

As it would never do for a history-book to be filled up with the particulars of business, of course it is not expected that I should relate what passed on that occasion. Let it therefore suffice that the proposition of the two gentlemen was both rational and feasible. They were sure that Judiville would to a certainty become speedily a large town, and that its growth and progress would be helped by a bank. But one thing did surprise me,—the smallness of the capital which they proposed should be embarked,—the amount being only two thousand dollars, of which each of us should advance five hundred; that is, Mr. Hoskins and I, the other two doing the same.

With these two thousand dollars we were to get hard cash to meet a run; a handsome plate made for the notes; and provide the other proper et-ceteras. With the bank's notes we were to discount bills, and we were likewise to

take in deposits of cash at one per cent. less interest than we discounted bills.

As Judiville was as yet but in its infancy, and few bills were in the settlement to discount, the scheme did not appear to be either very hazardous or unreasonable; so it was determined, in the end, that the Judiville Bank Company should be established on this moderate scale, as we all thought it, and that Mr. Herbert should be the manager; for it was thought by Mr. Hoskins that he could both keep his school at Babelmandel, and superintend the banking affairs at Judiville, the two places, by the bush-road, being only seven miles distant.

Feasible, however, as the plan was, the mysteries of banking were deeper than I could ever well fathom; so I proposed to let Mr. Herbert have my fourth, and that I would advance the five hundred dollars, he to pay me back with interest double the sum in five years.

CHAPTER IX.

——A little Druid wight,
But his eye was keen.

AFTER some conversation with Mr. Herbert, with reference to the change which the banking arrangement promised to his ostensible circumstances, I urged him seriously to renew his acquaintance with Mrs. Cockspur.

"No," said he; "I mastered my passion when young, respected, and amidst the assurances of good fortune;—can I now, an old man, bent beneath the burden of many disappointments, with a withered heart and a shaking hand, claim more than pity even from affection?"

Seeing him in this mood (I wonder what it is that makes men of superiority so inaccessible to judicious counsel?) I said nothing, but I formed a plan of my own, and, as delays are dangerous, I lost no time in carrying it into

effect. Accordingly, on the morning after the departure of the bankers, I went to Judiville, partly to see how the buildings for the house and store were coming on, but chiefly to have a few rational words in a corner with Mrs. Cockspur.

It may be thought, that in taking up this business, I was too much, like John Waft, troubling myself with matters that did not appertain to me; but I could not help it. I was much taken with the appeased character of Mr. Herbert: he was so evidently by nature an heir to a rich inheritance of fortune and honour, that I could not but regret so noble a spirit should be so far out of its proper sphere. It was this charity that prompted me; an uplooking charity that finds its best reward in self-approval. But I must not forget a resolution made in early life never to praise myself; so, without more ado, I shall now rehearse what I did at Judiville with the worthy old lady.

I have already mentioned how I was obliged to Mr. Bradshaw Cockspur for the plan of the house and store, and how the business concerning the same led to an intimacy with the family. This intimacy allowed me the freedom of paying my respects at all times to Mrs.

Cockspur; and accordingly, at a period of the day when the young gentlemen, I knew, were abroad, I went to her. The villa they were building was not yet finished, and she was still residing in their primitive log-hut with Miss Volumnia. I was not, however, to be impeded by the presence of that young lady; so I found a way and method to get Mrs. Cockspur to take a seat with me on a pleasant bank, where the young men had raised a bench that overlooked the river; Miss Volumnia, in the mean time, having undertaken to prepare tea for us.

After some general discourse on divers topics, I told Mrs. Cockspur of the bank scheme, and of the confidence with which every body talked of the brisk fortune that awaited Judiville. In that manner I scooped out an opportunity to say,—

"And, Madam, one of the many remarkable signs by which we are assured to expect great things of the place, is in the gentleman who is to manage the bank;" and I launched into a just encomium on Mr. Herbert's manifold virtues and excellent qualities, exhibiting as clear and distinct a description of the man, as I

could by words make manifest to the mind; adding, "But, maybe, you know him?"

"No," was her answer; "not that I am aware of.—What 's his name?"

"Mr. Herbert;" and I looked askance, to see what effect the name would have.

A slight effusion of bloom overspread her pale countenance, a gentle motion heaved her bosom, and she replied:—

"I once knew a gentleman of that name, to whom your description would, in many particulars, apply; but he has long been dead;" and a slow breathing, something as deep, but not so acute as a sigh, came, as it were, from a far-away region of her memory.

"Mr. Herbert," said I, "has been many years in this country; and he seems, at times, to bear a load upon his heart, as if he had long been a servitor to adversity."

"Poor man!" was her pitiful remark. "It was so with my friend: a man too lofty in his sentiments for the sordid world; his worth was known to few."

"I think it cannot be so said of our Mr. Herbert," (I had a purpose in repeating the name,) "for no one can see him twice without acknowledging a sense of his worth."

"How long did you say it was," inquired Mrs. Cockspur, "since he came to America?"

And there was a soft inflexion in her voice, as if it had been modulated by a tender remembrance; at the same time a tear oozed into her eye.

"Mr. Herbert told me himself about ten years; and the occasion of his coming was wonderful — he escaped drowning in a singular manner."

She suddenly exclaimed with a voice thickened by agitation—

"Drowning! how did it happen? Strange! such was the fate of my poor Mr. Herbert."

"This gentleman," I replied calmly, "was at Hastings—"

"Hastings!" said she, with fervour; "can it be possible? No:—had he survived, he would have informed me. But it is an amazing coincidence. Living!—poor Herbert, thou canst not be!"

"Yes, Madam, he does live," said I, desirous to abridge her anxiety; "and we both talk of the same person. He has told me all his story, and much of yours."

At these words she laid her hand upon mine, and her tears began to flow, but with that tem-

perance which becomes the educated feelings of a gentlewoman, and is more affecting than loquacious lamentation.

While we were thus tenderly conversing, I thought that once or twice I had observed the twinkling eyes of John Waft peeping at us from among the leaves of the neighbouring bushes. It was, however, only for a moment, for he speedily disappeared. But without retiring from the scene, he had come slippingly behind us, and just as Mrs. Cockspur laid her hand on mine, he put his head between us, and exclaimed, chuckling with delight,

"Will ye deny noo, Mr. Todd—will ye deny noo?—haven't I catched you in the fact?"

Although of all the manifold inbreakings of which that creature had been guilty, there was none so unapropos as this; yet the apparition of his head was so droll, and his winking of waggery so comical, that a constraint of nature obliged me to laugh, as I said in rising, "The cloking hen was never so far off her eggs as ye 're, Bailie."

"Weel, weel," cried he, in a kind of ecstasy—"weel, weel—Oh, Mr. Todd, but that was a touching moment. Oh dear, it made my mouth water. But noo, Mr. Todd, were not ye long

of coming to the point? Didna ye hesitate?—that was ticklish—what a beating at the heart ye must have had—at the vibration of the catastrophe!—Madam, I wish—I declare she's off, and into the house."

It was so; Mrs. Cockspur, at the moment of the intrusion, rose and went into the house without saying a word; indeed, she could not be otherwise than in a consternation, being, as she was, totally unacquainted with the Bailie. However, I was not ill-satisfied that he was so conglomerated about the true merits of the case, even while I saw that for a time I should be obliged to endure his satirical inflictions, because it would enable me to serve Mr. Herbert without suspicion or molestation. The better to carry on the plot, I took him by the arm, and led him towards the house where Miss Volumnia had got her tea-table prettily set out on the greensward before the door, begging him, as he went along, that he would not mention what he had discovered.

"It's very true," said I, "and I'll not affect to deny it, Mr. Waft, that ye have seen something; but, although there may be a degree of understanding between Mrs. Cockspur and me,

yet it is by no means either a clear or a settled point."

"I saw," replied he, a little seriously, "that ye had your difficulties, Mr. Todd. It's a tough job to woo and win a widow, for widows are kittle cattle. But now that ye have given me your confidence, it's finger on lip with me, Mr. Todd—but ye must allow me to emit a wee bit jeerie now and then, suitable to the occasion, for it bodes a dull matrimony when the courtship's without a comicality."

By this time we were near Miss Volumnia; and Mrs. Cockspur having retired into the house, I left beauty and the bodie, and used the freedom to follow her. She was sitting in a corner, and her countenance still wore the signs of sadness; but when I told her of the misconception which the Bailie fained, she brightened, and coming out to the tea-table, invited him, in a most genteel manner, to partake.

This was an honour he little expected, and it confirmed him in his error; but the presence of Miss Volumnia, as well as being unaccustomed to the elegant manners of the ladies, perplexed him. It was plain he was fidgeting

for an opportunity to throw a javelin both at Mrs. Cockspur and me, but he was awed by her serenity, and deterred by delicacy, lest it might disturb the young lady; for no mature Miss approves of her mother's marrying—so he sat between *I would* and *I doubt*—an embarrassed man.

At this crisis, Mr. Bell, the Minister, taking his evening walk, passed by at a short distance; and the Bailie, forgetting he was himself but a guest, cried out to him to draw near. Miss Volumnia also beckoned to him to join us. Thus it happened, that in the bustle of making room for his accommodation, I had an opportunity of whispering to her, that the Bailie had taken it into his head her mother and I were about to be married, and that I humoured his error. I thought this requisite to guard her feelings against his blethers, and it proved a judicious manœuvre. For, scarcely was the Minister seated, when the lectrifying bottle began to crackle and sparkle in his old way, saying,

"Mr. Bell, I would ask you a question in theology, concerning second marriages: what 's your opinion of doings of that nature?"

The Minister looked at me with a smile, and then at Miss Volumnia, who endeavoured

to put a bridle in the mouth of risibility, by biting her own lips.

"I think," replied Mr. Bell, "a great deal may be said on both sides of the question. What's your opinion, Mr. Waft?"

"I'm disposed to take a practical view of the subject," was the reply. "Suppose, for example, (I'm only putting the case Mrs. Cockspur as a suppose, for well I know nobody of your breeding would ever look on the likes of Mr. Todd,) that if he were to throw a sheep's-eye at you, and ye had a neb in your heart to pick it up, there would be nothing extraordinary in that.—Now, Mr. Bell, to the point."—

In turning round quickly to address the Minister, his knee struck the leg of the table from under the leaf next to him, and the full cups, which chanced to be on it, tumbled with their contents on his legs: scalded and screaming, he instantly fled the scene of confusion, and we had all a hearty laugh at the disaster.

Nor was the accident without its instruction. Miss Volumnia, though in a round-about manner, was thus made to know that people did not think it an impossible thing for her mother to marry, which was the beginning of a pre-

paration for the event, especially as, after the disappearance of the Bailie, Mr. Bell and I had some solid discourse, in the presence of the two ladies, concerning second marriages, and marriages late in life; to both of which he expressed himself propitious, believing I was wiling him into a conversation for some intent with Mrs. Cockspur, notwithstanding the assurances I had given him to the contrary some time before.

CHAPTER X.

Daughter of Jove!——
Oh, gently on thy suppliant's head,
Dread Goddess, lay thy chastening hand.

On my return to Babelmandel, I had the grief to find a letter from Mr. Ferret, written in a friendly and feeling manner, concerning the conduct of Robin my son. It could no longer be disguised, that the thoughtless lad had thrown the bridle on the neck of his passions, and was careering in a dangerous course. He had formed intimacies with a number of irreverent young men: "And though," said Mr. Ferret, "it cannot yet be alleged that he actually neglects his business, as he is regular in his attendance in the office; yet it is impossible, after the night has been wasted in dissipation, that he can bring a clear head in the morning to his duty: moreover, there is reason," continued the worthy man, "to suspect that he

is falling into debt. The amount, as far as I have been able to learn, is as yet inconsiderable; but still, as he has not been able to withstand the temptations of this city, I would advise you to send for him." He then expressed great sorrow for him, praising his natural talents, and commending exceedingly his acquirements, the fruit of the care and judicious tuition of Mr. Herbert.

This distressing letter for a time drove all lighter matters from my mind. I spent the watches of the night in anxiety and sorrow, and when I went forth in the morning, every thing around appeared faded and desolate. I went through the business of the day at the store, but my mind was absent from the work of my hands, and I only made confusion. Sometimes I thought of going to Mr. Bell for spiritual consolation; and then I reflected how, on a former occasion, he spoke with a severity against youthful follies, to which my heart could not accord. Mr. Hoskins was not a man to talk with on the subject at all, his notions of dissipation were of a coarser kind than religion would allow me to tolerate; indeed, all his ideas were wild and of the wilderness. My only visi-

ble refuge was in Mr. Herbert, and I sent for him to condole with me.

As we were sitting together in the stoop, deliberating on what should be done, I happened to say, that if ill befell my first-born, it would bring down my gray hairs with sorrow to the grave.

"Ah, Mr. Todd," said that wise and good man, "it is too soon for you yet to talk of old age, and long may you be spared from the anguish which is in the first taste of its condition. It is a grief of death, deeper and sadder than the sorrow that is felt for the loss of children."

"You have not been a parent, Mr. Herbert," was my reply.

"True, I have not been a parent, but I yet know the reason that is in life and in nature for the truth of what I say. Our first friends are all our seniors; we never meet again with such kind hearts and fond embraces as those amidst whom our childhood nestled. Our parents, protectors, and patrons, all who feel for us disinterestedly, are those who knew us in the innocency of our childhood: contemporaries and schoolfellows may be faithful friends, but their friendship lacks the tenderness of that of the

friends of the elder race. Our juniors regard us as beings of a different sphere. They cannot feel towards us any of the interest so essential to the enjoyment of life; it is when our parents and their contemporaries die, and can no more be traced on the scene, that we receive the first visitation of age. The race that looked upon us with indulgence is then no more, the world is poorer in the means of help and kindness. There are then none who will interfere merely from affection to avert misfortune. I have heard you say that your father still lives; unless Nature were awry, while that is the case, you have still a friend, you have not yet reached the wide lone moor, over which lies the pilgrimage of needful age."

While we were thus pensively ruminating aloud to each other, Mr. Hoskins came towards us; something in his manner was unusual, and he sat down at a distance from me on the bench.

"I guess," said he, after being seated some time, "the Squire ha'n't had no letters from York-town this evening?"

"No, none; none since Mr. Ferret's epistle."

"Well, I have got one from that 'ere Mr. Primly," and taking off his hat, in which he

commonly carried his handkerchief, he took a letter from under the handkerchief, and turning aside from me, held it out at arm's-length. I seized it eagerly, and at the same moment the old man rose and walked away.

There was still light enough to enable me to read the letter, which I saw by the first sentence was an answer to some inquiries which Mr. Hoskins had unknown to me made respecting Robin. The tears came into my eyes at this unbidden and secret tender-heartedness, and not being able in consequence to read farther, I gave the letter to Mr. Herbert, requesting him to cast his eyes over it, and let me know the contents. He did so, for about as long as one might take to count thirty, when he sighed, as if his bosom had been pierced with a cold weapon.

"Truly Mr. Hoskins has a right warm heart," was his observation, as he sorrowfully refolded the letter, of which he retained possession.

"What says it of my boy, my erring and misguided Robin?"

Mr. Herbert made me no answer for some time, and when he did speak, it was in a broken and troubled voice, the exact purport of which

I could not distinctly hear. It was a suffocating murmur of the words "horrible, and murder, and death."

"Is he dead?" was my wild inquiry, for my throat was so parched with horror, that I could not articulate without an effort.

"No, he is not dead," was the emphatic answer.

"What has he done?" cried I, somewhat relieved.

"It could not be premeditated," said Mr. Herbert, thoughtfully; "it was not in the poor boy's nature to have imagined such a crime."

"Crime! Oh, trifle not with me — is he accused of any crime?"

"Yes; and of murder!" In uttering these hideous words, Mr. Herbert, for the space of a minute, became so agitated, that he could not proceed.

"Yes, poor boy! he fell into a quarrel with some of his companions; a duel was the consequence, and his adversary was left for dead on the field; Robin and his second have fled. It is supposed they have gone to England in a ship which sailed that morning."

"Oh! Rebecca, he was thy son! he could not have committed murder!" was the first ut-

terance I could give to the earthquake in my heart. I was then enabled to add, " I think he has not fled to England; I have ever been a kind father. Oh! pennyless in England! his doom is sealed."

Mr. Herbert, with many gentle remonstrances, endeavoured to assuage the violent grief which now overwhelmed me; but his endeavours were for a long time unavailing; nor was it until, in reply to my repining, he reminded me how often I had said evil was, in my life, the forecoming shadow of good, that I became in some degree calm.

We then consulted on what should be done. As the port to which the vessel was destined, was of course known at New York, Mr. Herbert proposed that a letter should be written, by the first ship for England, to some person, to look after the fugitive on his arrival; but there was only my aged father whom I could address, and he was old, and ill able to endure the fatigue of any journey or agitation.

" I had once many associates," said Mr. Herbert; " we shall to-morrow morning ascertain from the Cockspurs who among them are still alive, and I will write to some of them, though my letters will be as from the grave."

It is thus that Providence ever mitigates the east wind of adversity. Had the tidings of that night come a week sooner, how much keener would have been the blast? for then Mr. Herbert would not have thought of writing to any one in England; but now he could do so without repugnance, and speak of his own resuscitated condition and prospects. When I look back on my intercourse with that excellent man, and retrace, step by step, the course of our connexion, from the day when I saw him first caressing his little dog in the solitude of the forest, I am bound to say, had our acquaintance ended with the interest he took in my unfortunate son, that he was an appointed instrument to bring about some of the most extraordinary events in my destiny.

CHAPTER XI.

——Such stuff
As dreams are made of, and their little life
Is rounded by a sleep.

AT an early hour next morning Mr. Herbert came to see me, and found me very ill; my anxieties had brought on a fit of the ague: I had passed the night in dismal dreams; sleep I had none; the spell of an incantation was upon me; my bed was surrounded with auguries and omens, and I beheld dreadful apparitions flashing athwart the gloom.

My intention was to have gone with him to Judiville, to ascertain from the Cockspurs which of his old associates were yet living to whom he could write on behalf of my son; but the residue of the ague fit was still upon me, and I could not quit the blankets, so that he was obliged to go alone.

In the course of the afternoon, having en-

joyed some refreshing sleep, I rose, anxiously looking for Mr. Herbert; but he did not return till it was almost sunset. His mission was, however, satisfactory; he found that many of his oldest and most intimate acquaintances were still living, and he wrote to several of them from Judiville, that a post should not be lost.

Although it could not be said that this attentive kindness made any difference in my situation, it yet, in some measure, relieved my mind,—if that can be accounted relief, which merely provided that the fugitive, in the event of reaching England, should not find himself utterly destitute.

By the next post I wrote to my father. It was a heart-breaking thing to address that pious old man on such a subject, and to entreat him to receive with compassionate affection, if ever the rash lad reached his dwelling, one who was stained with blood. It is true, we had not heard that the victim of the duel was dead; but the hopes of his recovery were slender, and I prepared my mind for the worst. Alas! that the felicity of parents should so often be limited to the childhood of their children!

It was on this occasion that I first began to

reflect seriously on the pain I had given to my kind father, when, intoxicated with the democratic vapours of the French Revolution, I was art and part in those projects of perfectibility, which brought me, and so many of my young companions, under the tawse of the Lord Advocate. I discerned then the truth of what Mr. Herbert had observed on the difference of feeling, between the regard which the young entertain for their seniors, and the tender affection of the old for those whom they have seen growing up from merry schoolboys into sober-visaged men; and the thought of my own recklessness made me suffer the heart-burn of remorse. Strange! that I should have lived, insensible to the grief I had inflicted on my father, until the errors of my own son made me to feel the sting.

I was in no heart to talk to Mr. Herbert of the reception he had met with from the Cockspurs, particularly of his meeting with the lady; nor, indeed, though I had been in a gayer mood, would the time, so immediately after it, have been fitting for jocularity; but I requested him to spare me half an hour at his earliest convenience to consider of his own affairs. "It is a duty I owe you, Mr. Her-

bert, for your friendship in the misfortune that has befallen me." He made no reply, but pressed my hand, as he said, "Good night," and shook his head thoughtfully.

In the mean time, the story of the duel had spread through the settlement; and I was during the greater part of the day, in dread of a sympathizing visit from John Waft, but he was not without delicacy, when a solemn occasion called for it. He knew that I was apt to fash at him, and he discreetly kept out of my way.

In the afternoon, Mr. Bell came from Judiville, and I would have been as well content had he not. The austerity with which on a former occasion, he spoke of the faults of inexperience, I had not forgotten; nor the sternness of his sentiments respecting the errors of young men. Moreover, I had rejected his advice, and taken a more lenient course; I was therefore afraid at his appearance, lest he should chide me, and my heart was too sore to bear rough-handling. But he came in the Samaritan spirit of consolation, and his holy admonitions pacified my wildest apprehensions: still, I must confess that Nature continued strong; for, when

he retired, I was far from being resigned, and more than once dared to question the rectitude of Providence, not in afflicting me, but in allowing my callow young to fall so early into the fowler's snare. At last, I endeavoured to master these irreverent murmurs, and to stifle an impiety that was worse than the folly of the fool's foolishness: in the struggle, Divine hope came to my assistance.

Soon after the departure of the minister, I found myself so weary in mind and body, that, upon the advice of Mrs. Hoskins, I went to bed, and a happy sleep was shed upon my pillow. In the morning I was more myself again; and, to the surprise of Mr. Herbert when he came to inquire for me, he learned I had gone to the store; where, as I have been always of opinion that earnest employment is the best mandragora for an aching heart, he found me busy with Charles, taking an inventory of the goods, preparatory to our removal to Judiville.

Instead of renewing the melancholy conversation, broken by his departure the preceding evening, I began immediately to speak of his own case, remarking, that I hoped he had met

with nothing to disappoint him, but I did not like that head-shaking with which he had left me.

"I have not yet seen Mrs. Cockspur," was his reply; "I was not sufficiently prepared to meet her, so I made my business to be with the young men; and I cannot but say that their altered appearance darkened my hopes—it made me feel as if there were dotage in thinking of marriage with the mother of men. I did not make myself known to them for some time, nor did they recognise me. Bradshaw, the youngest, at first looked at me sharply; and, as we walked along, speaking of the settlement, he stepped a pace or two on before, and then, suddenly turning round, eyed me eagerly; evidently showing he was beginning either to recollect something of me, or somebody he thought I resembled. I hope you will not look upon this little comedy as any proof of slackness in my errand.

"Having gradually led the two gentlemen to some distance, I began to inquire about my old friend Mr. Groves. The moment I uttered his name, Bradshaw, with a slight exclamation, almost a shout, discovered me; Oliver stood still, and after steadily looking at me, said 'Is

it possible?' Then they both shook me heartily by the hand, but I noticed immediately after that they exchanged looks; and without returning towards their mother's house, as I had expected, they walked onward in the direction I had taken them.

"To my questions they gave satisfactory answers, some of them in the highest degree agreeable; and they also particularly inquired about my own adventures, by which I was convinced their mother had not disclosed to them the news she had received from you. It is this that makes me dubious to renew my acquaintance with her, while I cannot doubt that the young men would be equally averse to see it attempted. Their behaviour, both at the recognition and when we separated, was in accordance with this: they neither asked me to go back with them to see their mother, nor, when we parted, did they express any wish to see me again."

"Now, mind," said I; "you and they have not been so miraculously brought into reunion here in the woods of America by accident; we shall see by and by what undivulged purpose is to be served by it."

"You are mighty confident in the results of the Providential drama," replied Mr. Herbert;

"but in the progress of my life I have not been so observant of the indices of events: not that I have been altogether unobservant, for I have at times felt myself drawn or driven along a course from which by no voluntary effort could I deviate."

"Ah!" said I, "you light-speaking men of great cities may affect to be insensible to the evidences of a special Providence; but, Mr. Herbert, you—a man of your intelligence—cannot have lived so long, nor have seen so much of human life and of human nature, without having noticed that there are times, and men, and places, and things, that have a mysterious connexion with good or evil in your destiny. The ignorant talk of lucky and unlucky days; of blighting eyes; and of plain soles; of spots haunted and uncanny; and of sounds and sights, of dreadful or of encouraging prognostication. Your philosopher affects to give no credence to such creeds, because they touch not upon specialities; but who is he that hath not to himself acknowledged, that on such a day my bad angel often had the ascendency; that I hate to meet with such a man, the sight of him is never to me the forerunner of any good; that I have never been at such a place without soon after having

cause for sorrow; and that when I dream of such and such phantasies, or feel particular influences in the atmosphere, I may prepare, as it were, for some new turn in the wheel of fortune, or advent of adversity? No, Mr. Herbert, there is not only a secret tie between your earthly lot and mine, though to what end is still a problem in both our lives. I redde you, therefore, to read more in the book of daily accidents, and you will less esteem the power and wisdom of man, and maybe discover that chance is but a coming round of some notch in the wheel that changes the patterns in the webs of the power-looms of Providence. It was a lucky day, and Babelmandel a happy place, when we first met.—Man! I am the agent of your good angel."

In this sort of mystical manner I essayed to revive his confidence in his destiny.

CHAPTER XII.

The cursed carle was at his wonted trade.

During several days, I so much engaged myself with the business of the store, taking an inventory of the goods, laying aside such as were to be left for John Waft, and packing up those to be removed to the new establishment at Judiville, that my mind became in some degree estranged from grief.

Indeed, it is proper to note here, that although at the time the anguish of my heart was very intense, I cannot now recall, on many points, such distinct recollections as to justify me in attempting a narrative so particular as the one I had originally intended to make. This is partly, no doubt, owing to the circumstance of writing it after the issue of events had determined their true nature; when things which, in their prospective estimate, seemed gloomy

and disheartening, have proved happy in their consummation.

How can one who is esteemed fortunate, look back on the vicissitudes of fortune which he may have experienced, with the emotions he felt when the eclipse was passing over the sun? This consideration should excuse to the courteous reader any defect in feeling or inconsistency which may seem to mar the propriety of my story. I am like the sailor, with can in hand, describing the perils of his voyages, and the dark nights of danger he has passed on unknown shores: — I think lightly now of accidents which, at the time of their coming to pass, bruised my heart; and I see cause almost for laughter in disasters which, when beheld in their first aspect, threatened terrible things.

I well recollect an accident that fell out at the period of which I am treating; it then gave me a deal of vexation, but it can no longer be thought of with gravity.

On one of those days when I was busy in the store, arranging every thing for the flitting to Judiville, like a man of business and an honest man, my evil genius, John Waft, came to see me. It was his first visit after I had received the calamitous news of my son; and I but do

him justice when I repeat that for some time his conduct was pleasant and Christian. He spoke with a true Presbyterian sincerity concerning the lot of man, who is born to troubles as the sparks fly upwards, and whose best activity—his toil and moil in the servitude of the world—is as the crackling of thorns under a pot.

But after a season, seeing what I was about, his discourse changed to more temporal topics, and he asked me which lot of the goods was destined for him. I pointed out two, at the sight of which he expressed himself well content, and he was evidently proud with the thought of being the master of such cargoes. This was in the generality. By and by, while I was occupied with other matters, he began to examine the articles, one by one, in a very scrutinizing manner—which, considering the bargain he had gotten, and the way he over-reached me in it, might as well have been spared.

For some time, however, he met with nothing to which he could object, for it had so happened that the best things were uppermost. How that chanced, is impossible for me to tell; but it was a curious thing, and I have nothing

but my character to set against the suspicion to which the bodie gave vent when he dipped deeper into the heap.

The first thing he found which had met with a misfortune, was a pot-metal spider that had most unaccountably broken its leg. He lifted it up, and brought it towards me in his hand, and in his usual mincing and simpering way, said,

"Mr. Todd, I would just, if ye'll spare a minute, beg you to look at this crippled commodity."

I turned round, and on seeing what was in his hand, cried, "Dear me! that's dreadful; how could such an accident happen? surely ye cannot think I observed it when it was set aside for you, Mr. Waft."

"Oh no, oh no," was his reply; "I'll never impute such a malefaction to you, Mr. Todd. It's an accidence, and I fancy I'll have to put up wi 't."

So he carried it back; but instead of replacing it in the heap, he set it down by itself apart, as I discernt, and, rummaging for more infirmities, laid his hands on a kail-pot that had lost a foot; he raised it up in both hands, and came round with it also to me. I saw by a

blink of my eye that he was coming; but I turned aside, for it was manifest he was going to be overly troublesome.

"Mr. Todd," said he again—"Mr. Todd, I wish ye would look at this: here's a pot that has lost a foot, and, where the foot has been, there is a hole."

"I can't help it—ye have it as I had it — I as little broke off the pot's foot, as the spider's leg," was my tart answer. But he was not to be so daunted, for he replied,

"Oh, Mr. Todd, I would never even the like of such a folly to you. I ne'er could think that ye would sit down on the ground, and take spiders and pots on your lap, and knap off their legs and feet with a stone or a hammer. No: I have a better opinion of your understanding."

So he carried the pot back, and placed it beside the invalided spider: presently he found in the heap a tin tea-kettle, the spout of which by chance had become loose; I saw him shake it, and I heard it jingle; at the same time he gave a sniggering, out-of-temper laugh, and cried across the store to me,—

"I have the number of the Graces, and the third is a stroopless kettle;" so he tossed it from him towards the other two lamiters, with more

bir than there was any need for, by which the spout was broken off.

"Let alone my goods, and not handle them in that manner," exclaimed I, for my corruption was rising: "See, ye have broken the spout off that kettle."

"It was loose before, and useless," replied he.

"You 're useless," cried I; "and I am not going to let you pick and choose in that way; you shall have a fair assortment of the goods in the store; one for one, of every article I brought from Mr. Nacket's, according to your black bargain."

From less to more, we came to high words, and he insisted on having every article in a sound and merchantable condition. That I declared he should not have, and after many more words than were likely to solder our difference, we agreed in the end to leave the matter to the arbitration of Mr. Herbert; for I insisted that, as nothing was said in the bargain about the quality and condition of the goods, he was bound to take his fair proportional share of the damaged articles.

Accordingly, we adjourned to Mr. Herbert's school, and finding it was the play-hour, and him alone, we stated our case, and got a quick

adjudication. Having considered all the particulars, and made some very judicious strictures on the manner in which the Bailie took me in at the first, he finally decided that justice would be satisfied by not obliging him to take more than his fair share of all kinds of the goods, whether entire or damaged.

From Mr. Herbert's tribunal we returned to the store, and jointly made a thorough examination of every thing, the result of which proved very vexatious to me; for it so happened, when we had finished the scrutiny of the lots set apart for the Bailie's share, the objectionables were rather more numerous than, according to the verdict, it ought to have been, and the worst was, that I could not convince him it was owing, somehow, to an accident.

That piece of business was the last I had occasion to transact in Babelmandel; for, having finished the inventory, and packed all up for removal, I went to Judiville, to prepare the house for the reception of my family, and the store for the goods. I could not, however, finally retire from the village without regret. From the time of my arrival there, all worldly things had prospered with me exceedingly. I arrived a poor man, with not more than three

hundred dollars, the residue of Mr. Hoskins's generous gift; I was quitting it a rich one, with a great and growing substance in prospect. The prices at which I was selling the last of my speculation were doubled; and the extraordinary progress of Judiville was, I may say, daily raising the value of the reservation in the vicinity of that town. The store had proved a source of profit far beyond hope; and the Banking Company, though the arrangements were not quite complete, promised, as Mr. Hoskins said, to be a Queen of Sheba to us all.

But amidst so much prosperity I had not been without a taste both of grief and of anxiety. My sweet infant, the innocent and tender namesake of Rebecca, had there hallowed the ground to my remembrance: my family had also suffered a loss in their calm and industrious mother, which no change of earthly fortune could restore; and I had there been first taught to weep the salt tears of parental affliction for the errors of a beloved son, who, until he left the place, had never given me any cause for sorrow.

PART VI.

CHAPTER I.

Things wear a visage which I think to like not.

It was a sunny morning, early in October, when I sent off from Babelmandel Mrs. Hoskins and my two daughters in a waggon to Judiville, under the care of my son Charles: the old gentleman was already there. The woods were then in all their autumnal glory; the golden sycamore and the flaming maple illuminated the forest, and a surpassing splendour shone all around from the kindling boughs. It is not in the boundless bowers of America

that the moralist can preach from the text of the fading leaf.

I forget, at this distance of time, the cause which prevented me from accompanying my family in the morning. I believe it was some matter concerning the Bank, by which I was detained with Mr. Herbert, or perhaps something in his own affair: I only recollect it was late in the twilight before I reached our new home, and that he had accompanied me the greater part of the way; for we fell in together with Mr. Bradshaw Cockspur.

After dry salutations had passed between the two, Mr. Herbert returned homeward, and the young gentleman walked with me to the town.

I thought this a good opportunity to advert to the previous story of his mother and Mr. Herbert, for I had set my mind on seeing them married; and accordingly, as we sauntered leisurely along in the cool of the evening, I began to speak of my friend, to commend his many excellent qualities, and to express my hope that the close of his varied life might yet be in comfort.

To my commendations, Mr. Bradshaw acknowledged his assent; but there was a visible restraint upon him; and when I had wised

round the conversation to the events by which the marriage was frustrated, he expressed with some warmth his satisfaction that it had been broken off.

"Not that we had any objection," said he, "to Mr. Herbert personally: for indeed, as you say, where is a more excellent, and, in many respects, a more able man to be found?—but we disliked the idea of a second marriage at the advanced period of my mother's life: besides, it seemed to be hazarding a repetition of the mortifications we had suffered in my father's time, and which could only be attributed to the disparity of his birth, as compared with the descent of our family."

I smiled at the young man as he made this latter observation, and remarked, "That it seemed to me odd he should speak of his mother's side of the house, as being the family to which he belonged;" adding with a laugh, "I guess, Mr. Bradshaw, your father had a father with ancestors as well as Mr. Devereux."

He seemed to blush a little at this insinuation, so I pushed home my advantage.

"Your family," said I, "have come to this country, according to a pre-arranged plan of

your father. Your property in England has been sold, and you are now planted in America, I hope to take root and to flourish. But, Mr. Bradshaw, you will neither find comfort nor increase here, unless you conform, not only to the customs of those among whom your lot has been cast, but to their opinions and ways of thinking. The people on this side of the Atlantic have no ancestors; it is not more than two hundred years, since the Adam and Eve of *this* world were formed out of the waters of the sea in the hollow of a ship."

"In family concerns, Mr. Todd," said the young man, interrupting me a little too briskly, "the advice of strangers is often best spared until solicited."

"No doubt," replied I, pretending not to have felt his short remark; "but a traveller on an unknown road is none the worse of a hint, as to the course he should take. You will be much mistaken if you expect to find America like England, and still more if you think it may be made so. I have seen many self-conceited emigrants, who imagined it might: not being able at home to make England like America, they come here, and their first work is to make

America like England. It is wonderful how much this is the case with the reforming gentry."

"But we are of no political sect," said Mr. Bradshaw; "we have come with no other intention than to live as happily as we can, and to pursue a course for ourselves, that may enable us to preserve the same relative position in society we had a right to at home."

My facetious answer was, "I now perceive you have come here to be ancestors. That may do very well with you young folk; but your leddy mother's days for that trade are pretty well over."

He was apparently not pleased with this retort, but as I owed him one for his shortness about family concerns, I continued,—

"And to be as plain with you, Mr. Bradshaw, as I am pleasant, this is not an affair in which dutiful children would interfere; indeed, no discreet child, be it son or daughter, would ever think of meddling with a parent's marriage."

"I think differently," was his dogged reply.

I was really dumfoundered at this unsavoury answer, and for lack of better, said— "What you think now, and what your mother thought when you were clecket, are two

very different things. But, Mr. Bradshaw, if you and your brother will listen to the advice of a well-wisher to your family, ye 'll let your mother please herself. I doubt not she has as many reasonable objections to a marriage in her old days, as her children can have; and she's a leddy of such good sense, and so correct a judgment, that she well may be left to the prudence of her own will."

"A marriage in old age!—'tis ridiculous! 'tis almost a shame," cried he.

"Hoot toot! hoot toot! Mr. Bradshaw," said I, "that's no' a way to talk of solemnities ordained in Heaven. Ye seem to think that there can be no marriage without a dance: if it were so, then I agree it would be very ridiculous to see your leddy-mother and Mr. Herbert, the one fifty and the other threescore, whisking round and round the room to a twa-some reel; but I can assure you no such galloping is at all indispensable. They have only to be joined in one; and after a sober tea-drinking, befitting their time of life, to take a glass of wine, and——"

"A glass of devils!" exclaimed the young gentleman, in a contumacious manner, and walked hastily forward some twenty or thirty

paces. Then he suddenly turned and came back towards me, with a glowing face, and eyes that might have kindled candles. Seeing him coming, I thought to myself, now that I am on the wall-top, it 's just as well to venture the leap.

" Mr. Todd," said he, as bold as a lion— " Mr. Todd, I forbid you to interfere in the affairs of our family."

" Show your authority, Mr. Bradshaw," was my calm and juridical reply.

He stood still, as if the lightning had smote him; he looked at me like a storm, and I looked at him with a smiling visage, like a summer morning. He turned upon his heel, and stately strode away. He had not, however, walked many yards, when I called him back.

" Hooly, hooly, Mr. Bradshaw," cried I, " ye need not make a tempest of yourself; for if there be such objections to Mr. Herbert, maybe I 'm no' so ill pleased to hear o't as ye fancy—maybe I have just been sounding you?"

He again stood still, and looked at me with an astonished and inquisitive eye for some time; then I perceived the angry crimson fading from his cheek, and a smile beginning to mantle and dimple, as he said,—

"Well! you are a droll character: but, Mr. Todd, you really ought not to play so cruelly with one's feelings."

"Let by-ganes be by-ganes, Mr. Bradshaw;" and with these words I held out my hand to him, which he cordially accepted. I then put on a grave and kind face, and took him by the arm, as I added, "I would now put a serious question; seeing you are so determined against Mr. Herbert, what would be your sentiments, were another to offer?—suppose me?"

He flung from me like a whirlwind, and uttering not a word, hastened home as quickly as his legs could carry him. I certainly did intend to surprise him, at the same time I expected he would have seen through the joke; so, being rather vexed by his abrupt departure, I walked on to the town, not in the best of all humours with myself. I had clearly made no progress towards the object in view; and parting in the manner we did, had perhaps rendered the chance of success to Mr. Herbert less probable. But, verily we know not what we do; for I could not have been more wisely directed, as will be seen in the sequel, than in using that suggestion, though it was done with a light mind.

Mr. Bradshaw, on reaching home, had it appeared, summoned a council, consisting of his brother and sister, to whom he related all that had passed between us. What they severally thought of Mr. Herbert's renewed pretensions, of course I never heard; but it would seem that the idea of me evening myself in sincerity to their mother, concentrated all their indignation into one focus, and I was destined to be consumed. They went in a body to their mother, as she herself afterwards told me, and being come before her, Bradshaw, who was spokesman on the occasion, addressed her at great length, not only against the indecorum of second marriages in general, but a marriage with me in particular. She saw they were under a delusion, and she allowed them to remain in it; nay, being somewhat diverted with the vehemence of their manifold objections to me, she even slyly encouraged them to imagine there was some sort of matrimonial tendency between us: but they interpreted her equivocalities, as she intended they should, until they grew wild to see her mind so seemingly made up to accept of my hand.

The affair did not end with this scene. The remonstrators retired; and at another sitting,

appointed Miss Volumnia to see my daughters on the subject, and to urge them to attack me; while Mr. Bradshaw, who was the leader of the war, undertook to bring my son Charles into their alliance. The declaration of hostilities was, however, suspended, in consequence of an occurrence, which will be related in the next chapter.

CHAPTER II.

We'll build it up of the sycamore-tree.

THE house at Judiville, into which I had now moved my family, was a very handsome building. It was not then so large as it is now, the two wings having been added in the course of the year after. The store below was also noble and capacious, and the warehouses behind had not their match then in all the Genesee country. The whole premises have, no doubt, been long since surpassed in appearance by many other edificial structures; but there has not yet been any building erected in Judiville, which, for conveniences within, and a judicious situation, can compare with the premises of Hoskins and Todd.

The progress of the town has been very wonderful. In less than five years from the date of "The festivaul," it contained upwards of two thousand seven hundred inhabitants,

and at this present writing, the population exceeds ten thousand souls. Mr. Hoskins is one of the richest men in many counties; and when the instalments are paid up on my twenty thousand acres, which were all settled for in the five years, I shall have no cause to grumble at the reward vouchsafed for my courage in that speculation. But let me not brag.

At the æra of my arrival for a permanent purpose at Judiville, though the world was then, as it has ever since been, blithe towards me, there was a worm in my heart—the misconduct of my first-born, which neither riches nor honours could appease.

The post, on the day after my arrival, brought letters from New York, which, to a certain extent, were salutary to my spirits. They informed us, that the young man, who had fallen in the duel, had been pronounced out of danger, and that it had been ascertained my son's companion had not sailed in the ship for England, he having been seen in Baltimore, which afforded just reason to think that Robin also had not quitted America. It may, therefore, be said that I took up my abode at Judiville under favourable auspices, though my anxieties for the unfortunate and ill-guided lad

were still very sharp, and filled my uneasy pillow with thorns.

In this state of suspense matters continued for some time: at last, the newspapers having spread far and wide that the duel was not fatal, my son's companion returned to his friends in New York, and through him we learned that, although Robin had not sailed for England in the ship at first supposed, he had, nevertheless, taken his passage in another, bound for Greenock, in Scotland, with the intent of going to my father.

There was both comfort and vexation in the news;—comfort that he was heard of at all, and had taken the direction of Bonnytown; vexation that he should have so cast himself upon the world, friendless and pennyless, and haunted with horror for the deed it was believed he had done.

Under the persuasion that he would reach his grandfather in safety, I thought it my duty to reflect seriously on the means of turning the accident to the poor lad's advantage: accordingly, after a great deal of cogitation, I came to the resolution to let him attend the useful classes in the Edinburgh College for the winter; and to that effect I wrote to my father, and sent him,

by means of Mr. Primly, a bill of exchange for a hundred pounds sterling, a sum that I thought would make the old man goggle. I wrote, also, at the same time, to Robin; and as the young man whom he had left for dead on the field was then well and hearty, I need not say that on this occasion the rod was not spared.

Having said so much concerning my domestic tribulations, I shall now return to the general stream of my story; but, before entering on it at the point where I left off, it is meet and fit I should acquaint the courteous reader with a great work then in hand, of which I take pride to myself for having been the originator.

It will be recollected, that a considerable time ago I mentioned, in an incidental manner, something of the Company by whom the first mills at Judiville were erected. The leading partner was a countryman of mine, a most worthy Scotchman, who had been bred a millwright at the Brig-o'-Johnstone, in Renfrewshire, in the expectation of going out to an uncle, who was an overseer of a sugar-estate, in the island of Grenada. But Mr. Semple, as he was called, however, grew to have a heart-hatred to slavery, and when he was done with his time as

an apprentice, he resolved to have nothing to say to the West Indies; so, being like myself, in the way of youthful indiscretion, a little addicted to the Reforming of Parliament;—for the folks about the Brig-o'-Johnstone, Kilbarchan, and Lochaneugh are great Reformers;—he came to America, where by industry and good conduct he made in the course of a few years some money.

Mr. Semple and I, one Sabbath, after hearing a capital discourse from Mr. Bell, were taking a stroll together along the skirts of the wood, and from one thing to another, we began to converse about the old country, and how pleasant it was to see a steeple-top glittering above the trees on a fine evening, and to hear the far-off kirk-bell ringing shrilly in the lown of a Sunday morning. This led us to think, that the time could not be distant, when it would be necessary to build a church and a steeple with bells in it at Judiville; and from less to more, it was that very night resolved between us, that we should set about the business without delay.

To build a church in the wilderness—as in a sense the town still was—some might have thought a bold undertaking; but we set warily

about it: we first raised as liberal a voluntary subscription as we could—and it was pleasant to see how religiously the settlers were inclined—for the amount exceeded our most sanguine expectations; we then opened another paper for shares, which, as the seats were to be let, and the town was daily increasing, was soon filled up; and Hoskins and Todd were appointed the Treasurers.

Mr. Bradshaw Cockspur, whom I have already spoken of as having a genius for architecture, drew the plan, under the directions of Mr. Semple, from a description which he gave him of a new church at Greenock, one of the finest buildings in Christendom; at least, so said Mr. Semple, and he but repeated the opinion of all the inhabitants of Greenock, the most enlightened community in the West of Scotland, scarcely excepting even that of Port Glasgow, so justly, for its taste in the fine arts, denominated the Florence of the West. The plan, however, when it was completed, was, according to Mr. Semple, superior even to the Greenock basilica; inasmuch as the portico had six Corinthian pillars, and the steeple was a story higher, which, he said, was just what the Greenock one is short of perfection.

The building of this grand structure was in due season commenced; and as I was the acting treasurer, and likely to have a great deal of trouble in consequence, Mr. Semple stipulated with the contractors that they should take their nails (it was a wooden church), and glass, and other hardware, from Messrs. Hoskins and Todd's store; for which compliment I could do no less than make a point that the planks and timber should be had from the Judiville Mill-Company, of which Mr. Semple was the principal partner. It was a profitable, but not a fortune-making job to both of us.

The church, by the time of my removal from Babelmandel, was nearly finished, and we were beginning to talk of having Mr. Bell placed in it. To this, however, an objection was started by some of the shareholders, who were Methodists and Unitarians. They insisted that it would be better for all our interests, if the church were open for renting to all sects; and the question being duly considered, it was so determined. For one, I was in heart adverse to making the Temple a place of money-changers; but so great a majority was against me, that I thought it prudent to say nothing. I had lived long enough in the world to discern that

there is but little use in raising an opposition, unless there be some chance of accomplishing the intent of it. In this case there was none; the question was between God and Mammon, and the majority of the shareholders were zealous to make money.

Having now both a kirk and a mill, it was the wonder of many that nobody had set up a newspaper. This lack was chiefly owing to a persuasion entertained by many that no great length of time would pass until we should see printers among the settlers, and so it speedily came to pass. On the very day after my arrival, and before we had got half our goods and chattels in order, two men came into the store. One of them, Mr. Primmer, a sallow, unclean-looking subject, with an ill-tied cravat, a new coat, and an old hat, said he was a printer, and that if he was likely to get encouragement, he would try a newspaper for a spec. The other was an elderly, lean man, with a loose hanging frill to his shirt, and seemingly much given to snuff; his breath was untrue, if he had not a hankering after gin-and-bitters also. The printer introduced him by the style and title of Dr. Murdoch, from Aberdeen, an eminent scholar, who proposed to do

the editorial article, and superintend the literary department in general. A newspaper accordingly, under the attractive name of "THE JUDIVILLE JUPITER," was presently set a-going. Some altercation took place before the name was determined, but I had no part in the controversy: Mr. Hoskins stood stoutly out for having it called "THE AGAMEMNON OF LIBERTY!"

When every thing was arranged, a printing-house in order, and a book-store connected with the establishment, under the special care of the learned Dr. Murdoch, it was announced that the first number of "THE JUDIVILLE JUPITER" would appear on the following Monday, and great exertions were made to keep faith with the public; but still the first number was not quite so complete as the proprietors had hoped, an accident having happened to a box of their types, by which they were obliged to omit the Roman letters and the capitals until a new supply could be obtained: and next Monday, they had only ink enough to print three sides of the paper; and when the subscribers, whom I had procured, complained to me, I told them to remember that Rome was

not built in a day. We have, however, now to boast of many papers, and our daily journal is as handsomely got up, and as learnedly written, as any newspaper in New York State.

CHAPTER III.

Marry come up! here's a to-do!

A FEW days after we had taken up our residence at Judiville, as I was standing at the door of the store, with my hands behind, looking at the buildings, which were rising on every side, I saw Miss Volumnia Cockspur coming by herself towards the house. As she passed me to go in by the private-door, I could see she was big with something important, for she eyed me askance, more sulkily than was graceful in any young lady, and very forbidding in her, whom at all other times I had respected as a comely and judicious maiden: moreover, to my blithe salutation she made no reply, but only a high-madam-ho signification that she recognised me.

"There's a gale in your tail," said I to myself, as she passed by, "light where it likes."

It did not then strike me that Miss could be

about any Machiavelian manœuvre; indeed, she was the last young lady I would ever have supposed likely to be guilty of any sort of left-handed stratagem, she was at all times so fair and frank in her simplicity. I gave her at the time credit only for a complimentary call on Mrs. Hoskins and my daughters, as they were new comers.

After she had been longer with them than they could well afford time from their thrift to spend in feminine frivolity, I began to conjecture with myself as to what could possibly be the object and purpose of her visit, when suddenly it came into my head that it might have some reference to her mother's proposed marriage. So, without more ado, bidding Charles to have an eye to the door, I walked round the corner, went up-stairs, and was presently in the midst of the ladies. I found my daughters and Miss Volumnia, like three heroines of a novel, bathed in tears, and Mrs. Hoskins sitting in the midst of them, knitting a comforter, and giving them good advice.

The moment I entered, Miss Cockspur wiped her eyes, and scrubbing up her rosy cheeks into higher bloom, bounced from her seat, and moved to make a flourishing exit with indignation, but

I took hold of her by the two arms from behind, and pulling them back until her elbows almost met, I said to her, in a familiar, gallanting manner,—

"Sit ye down, Miss Voly, and tell us which of your sweethearts is a perjured wretch—breaking your tender heart?"

She paid, however, no attention to what I said, but rising again, looked at me as sternly as it was possible for a beautiful damsel of seventeen to do.

"Sir," said she, "since you have broken in upon us so unexpectedly, and seen our distress, I hope you will consider well before you make us all more miserable: besides, Sir, it is needless for you to flatter yourself with any hope; my mother will never be permitted to marry you."

Here a flash of light pierced my brain, for she laid a stress upon the word *you*, as if, though her mother would not be permitted to accept my hand, she might yet accept another's; and I saw, that by pretending to persevere in my supposed courtship, a way might be opened to win the consent of her brothers and herself to a union with Mr. Herbert. So I said, with

a voice of more seeming sincerity than I really felt,—

"Upon my word, Miss Volumnia, you are early setting up for a dispenser of weddings. I think, before you venture to pronounce any opinion as to whom may be the fittest husband for your leddy-mother, you should first get a husband for yourself."

As I said these words, Marianne, my eldest daughter, began to tune her pipes with the spring she learnt first, and Isabella her sister was not long of joining chorus. Mrs. Hoskins, who was a little in my confidence, knowing the rights of the case, could scarcely keep a becoming countenance; and Miss Cockspur stood the image of an afflicted consternation.

"My dears," said I, addressing myself in a pretended sympathizing manner to my daughters, "ye have no doubt heard that marriages are made in Heaven; and you know, if me and Mrs. Cockspur are bookit there to be man and wife, there 's nothing in this world can prevent it."

"But it shall be prevented," cried Miss Volumnia, "and it must be prevented. My mother has long been engaged to Mr. Herbert.

It will be a terrible thing, if she now prefers you to him;" and with these words she flounced out of the room in a fine passion.

Seeing the distress of mind into which she had thrown my poor sensitive girls, I was almost inclined to let them into the secret; but considering their indiscreet years, on second thoughts, I paused, and winking to Mrs. Hoskins, left them to her consolation, assured from my experience of her motherly manner that she would soon take the edge off their grief.

I had, however, a more kittle case to manage with Charles, whom one of the young men had instigated to be rampageous. The lad himself was not naturally addicted to violent courses, but was of a calm reasonable nature, with a sly, but bright vein of humour and mother wit. When he began to speak on the subject, I soon saw it would never do to treat him with mystification, as I had done his sisters and Miss Volumnia. Accordingly, after a few sentences had passed between us, I resolved to let him at once into my secret purpose, though he was then only between fifteen and sixteen; charging him, however, in the strictest manner to prove himself worthy of the confidence, by concealing it from his sisters, even at the pain of seeing

them for a season in a state of uneasiness. And really he proved himself a clever diplomatical; for he so worked upon the two young men, especially upon Bradshaw, who was more spirity in his feelings than Oliver, that they were persuaded a marriage between their mother and me would certainly come to pass, unless it could be prevented by admitting again the claims of Mr. Herbert. Many a hearty laugh had both Charles and I in our sleeves at the progress of the plot.

With Oliver and Bradshaw Cockspur he took every opportunity of describing his fears and affliction at the supposed impending event. I was then a little enlarging and improving our household furniture, making it more and more in conformity with my increasing means, and the style of our habitation. Every new article I bought was duly mentioned by the pawkie laddie to the two saucy varlets, and he never saw Mrs. Cockspur, either in their or in Miss Volumnia's presence, without seemingly evincing a heart-rooted aversion to her.

All this time I had held no communion with Mr. Oliver Cockspur on the subject, though he was the oldest son, and from the gentleness of his disposition possessed of great influence over his

mother. In truth, by that very gentleness and sensibility I was somewhat overawed. He was a young man not to be trifled with, every thing so seriously affected him. With Bradshaw I could take far greater liberties; for although at the time I played my pranks, he would storm and strut, like a king in a tragedy, yet at the moment he was let into a joke, he would whirl round like a tetotum, and laugh in the perfectest enjoyment of the sport of which he had himself been the subject. In the mean time every thing was progressing to the desired issue; Mrs. Cockspur had no rest; I could not speak to her as she chanced to pass the door of the store, though in the merest civility, my thoughts having no regard at the time either to her or the plot, but the young men were sure to hear of it from Charles, with many comical commentaries; and she, in her turn, had it served up to her with a plentiful garnishing of the horse-radish of their petulance.

At last, Mr. Oliver Cockspur came to me one morning in the store, soon after his brother had called and taken out Charles. I could see without spectacles that this was a concerted scheme, so I prepared myself to hear in my best manner the young man's remonstrance, none doubting what he had to say would be such.

"Mr. Todd," said he, "I have come to deal frankly and fairly with you. For some time, neither my brother, my sister, nor myself, have been unmoved witnesses of the attentions you are paying our mother; we should do wrong, feeling as we all do, were we to allow you to remain longer in error. I do not, however, in saying this, allude to our strong filial objections to a second marriage, but to the fact, that there is an impediment to a union with her which you ought to know:—her hand is engaged to another gentleman, if ever she changes her life."

The reader must by this time have seen that I am sometimes a little apt to cut before the point; to mount the wall-top reckless alike of what may be on the other side, and of the difficulty of getting down again on this. It was so on that occasion; for without sufficiently considering the import of my words, I said abruptly,

"But that gentleman may renounce his claim."

Poor Mr. Oliver was taken all aback, and looked at me with a kindling eye, for the space of at least two minutes, and then replied proudly,

"He may renounce, certainly, but our mother is not at his disposal. He cannot assign

his claim in favour of another, and by God! shall not to you!"

"You are a very dutiful child, Mr. Oliver," was my answer; "but have you consulted your mamma in addressing yourself in that style to me? In one word, and to avoid controversy, I cannot abandon the hope of being honoured by a connexion with your family, whatever the claims of others may be;—permit me to add, you are not the party to decide in this matter; it rests with your mother."

He made me no answer, but slightly bowing quitted the counting-house, for this conversation did not take place in the public store. In turning round, I observed, which I had not noticed before, that he was dressed for a ride, and had a whip in his hand. I followed him to the door, and saw he had a horse tied to the ring in the post at the corner. He mounted immediately, and rode off in the direction of Babelmandel.

"Can he be gone to Mr. Herbert?" said I to myself; "we shall soon see," was the response of myself to I; and locking the store, I immediately walked to Mrs. Cockspur's residence.

CHAPTER IV.

The course of true love never did run smooth.

ON reaching Mrs. Cockspur's villa, I was shown into the parlour, where I found her alone, in great good-humour. She had just received a severe lecture on marriage in old age, from Miss Volumnia, and was longing to see me.

"I had observed," said she, "for some days, the mutinous looks of the young men, without being able to divine the cause; and Volumnia has told me, that they are all determined I should not marry you."

Before I could make any answer, the young lady came in, and with her, Marianne, my eldest daughter. The plot of the comedy was thickening. To hasten on the upshot, I expressed my delight at seeing them so lovingly sister-like.

"We shall never be sisters," exclaimed the

two indignant misses, in one voice, and in a tone so piercing and so wild, that it threw the old lady and myself into an immoderate fit of laughter, which provoked Miss Volumnia to a great degree, for she immediately cried, with rather more pith than was genteel,

"If my mother will marry, it shall be Mr. Herbert."

"That, my dear child," replied I coolly, winking to her mother, "does not depend upon you: 'shall' is a naughty word for a dutiful daughter to use towards her parent. But, if there is to be a wedding, your mother has a right to please herself. Come, come, Voly——"

"None of your familiarities, Sir!" was the tart rejoinder. "Voly, indeed! Oh! has it come to that?" And she sat down in a torrent of tears.

"You are a foolish girl," said Mrs. Cockspur, quite unable to preserve her gravity, yet from the gentleness of her disposition, inclined not to afflict the poor maiden too severely—"you are a foolish girl; I'm sure Mr. Todd has always proved himself exceedingly kind to you;—had he been your own father, he could not have been more kind. I cannot think what makes you hate him so."

"I don't hate him, if he would let you alone. Oh, he will be such an ugly step-father!"

Here my sweet Marianne, feeling for the contumely thus cast on her father, interposed: "I'm sure your mother will be uglier for a step-mother."

The innocence and simplicity of this retort so delighted and affected Mrs. Cockspur, that she embraced Marianne; but Miss Volumnia plucked her eagerly away, and gave full vent to her vexation, not only with tears, but expressions so heart-touching, that I began to fear I should not be able myself to hold out to the end of the play.

In this crisis my son Charles came in quest of the store-key; and when I went to the door to give it to him, a significant look told me he had something to tell, which induced me to leave the ladies abruptly.

"It is all settled," said the boy, chuckling, and exulting, "and Mr. Oliver has gone to Babelmandel to invite Mr. Herbert to visit them. It is not their wish to encourage him much, but they think it will deter you, by which they will gain time to persuade their mother to give up the idea of a second marriage."

In this affair Charles had managed so cleverly, and had evinced such sagacity, considering his years, that I suspect he was a little spurred by an apprehension that there might be some secret understanding between Mrs. Cockspur and me, notwithstanding what I had told him to the contrary; for the warmth of his satisfaction was rather more than exactly what the occasion required. However, I rejoiced exceedingly myself that matters had been brought so far round; and I hope there was no vanity in thinking, that, but for the touch I had myself given to the wheel, the clock would not so soon have been so near the striking.

Independent of the interest I had in wishing the business happily terminated, out of friendship for Mr. Herbert, I had yet a motive of my own inciting me to persevere until it should be so. Our partners in the banking-concern had nearly matured their plans, and, as Mr. Herbert was to be the manager, I was anxious he should reside entirely at Judiville. It is true, I had consented to Mr. Hoskins's arrangement, that he should still retain the school at Babelmandel, and come twice a-week to regulate matters and things at the bank; but it

was not satisfactory to my judgment. Moreover, the rapid increase of the town was attracting the settlers from Babelmandel, and, for some time, there had been a falling-off in the number of children attending the school: those who continued to attend belonged to the poorer settlers, who were often not able to pay for them. In a word, as far as I can well recollect at this distance of time, all hands of us were then in a puzzling conjuncture; for, though the kilfudyoching to bring about the marriage may seem to the courteous reader my principal occupation, it really was not so; it was, however, that which afforded the greatest diversion at the time, and is the pleasantest in recollection.

Among other perplexities of that period, was a kind of insubordination, if I may call it so, on the part of the minister, Mr. Bell. It is already known, that he was of an austere and constrained humour, less from sullenness of nature than from contrition for the abridged respectability to which he had early, by youthful imprudence, subjected himself. He was without question, a man of ambitious passions, though severely pious; but his piety was curdled with remorse; it rarely flowed in that strain of indulgence and charity which belongs

to the mercifulness of religion; while his ambition, deep and slow, held on its course like those rivers which run from the lakes, and which seldom seem to be swollen even by the heaviest rains.

About this time our grand church was completed; and it has been explained, that instead of being exclusively for the Presbyterians, as the original projectors intended, the majority of the shareholders insisted it should be let to which ever sect would give the highest rent, or even to two or three different sects, if by doing so more could be obtained. From the day on which it was so determined, Mr. Bell expressed his disappointment in not being placed sole minister, in stronger terms than he was justified by any thing in the proceedings to do, and it happened that I was ordained to bear the brunt of his offended clerical pride. Perhaps I had in some degree exposed myself to it; for whilst the edifice was erecting, and before any question had arisen as to the letting, I had often spoken to Mr. Bell, as if the church was exclusively destined for him; and even went so far as to joke with him on the height he would hold his head in the pulpit, which, on account of the magnitude of the building, was

uncommonly elevated. But, as I was saying, from the day on which his hope of being high priest was nipped, a cloud overspread his countenance, and as often as I chanced to make any allusion to the temple, he turned aside with a sneer, and made no answer. At last, a day was set for the final consideration of our ecclesiastical co-partnery, on which it was to be determined when the place should be opened for worship.

Before the day arrived, I had pretty well ascertained that the Methodists would far outbid the Presbyterians and Episcopalians united; and that they were not at all disposed to be in any way conjoined with them: so that Mr. Bell, who flattered himself the church was built for him, was cut off from all prospects of being permitted even to keep a door of it. I frankly acknowledge, that I, too, was mortified; for I looked to be the ruling elder, and had planned with Mr. Bell a proper kirk Session, and every think becoming the dignity of our national—I mean—the Scottish establishment; but I was in some measure comforted by foreseeing that the erection of another tabernacle could not be far off. Not so was it with the Minister, for he was one of those ardent minds, in whom the

present affair swallows up every other consideration.

He came to me on the afternoon preceding the day appointed for the meeting, and said,

"So, Mr. Todd, we 're to have another verification of the folly of putting our trust in princes or men's sons."

I saw what was coming, and briskly added —"Or in churches, Mr. Bell: they are all a vain show."

At these words he grew pale, and his lips trembled with anger.

"I think," said he, his voice quavering as he spoke, "that you might at this time have spared that taunt. My early fault had nothing to do with the present disappointment."

I was petrified to hear him, having no more thought than the babe unborn of alluding to his misfortune—for such, indeed, it must ever be considered by the humane, it was so constantly uppermost in his mind, and smouldering an unextinguished ember in the ashes of his ambition.

"Mr. Bell," replied I, "you have never received cause to suppose that I would unfeelingly touch your sore. I was not even thinking of it, Sir. I only meant to give a lighter

cast to our conversation than it was likely to take, judging by the cloud on your countenance."

He however made me no answer; but added, "You were bound, Mr. Todd, to have exerted yourself: for truly, to be plain with you, after so often giving me reason to expect the church, I feel myself free to say that I have not been well used. I have been deluded."

"Eh, Mr. Bell!" cried I, astonished—"Not well used! have been deluded!—What do you mean?"

"I mean—had you been as active to get the church for me, as you were to get the contract for yourself, I would not have had occasion to say what I have now said."

This was a tickler, that required a considerate answer; and accordingly after a pause—for though he was a minister of the Gospel, I was ready to let fly a bomb-shell in his face,—my reply was,

"Mr. Bell; as a Christian man, I have all proper reverence for God's corbies; but for the carnality that is in the priesthood, I have as little respect as for the insolence of other men: and therefore, if you do not wish I should request you to show me your back in the door-

way, ye'll scrape your foul tongue. Your many good qualities no one values more than I do; but you are not to indemnify yourself on me for any contempt you may, by your misconduct, either now or heretofore have brought upon yourself."

He was not only astonished, but quite dumbfoundred, to hear me speak in that manner—I who had uniformly shown him the most reverential regard. Truly, at the moment, we were a matchless pair; for he is a tall man, of a powerful frame, and my junior, and he was standing as straight and as stiff as a monument; while I, with my hands behind, was fronting him like a lion, and rising courageously on my tip-toes at every sentence I uttered, my head bobbing up to his breast.

"This is going too far," said he, and instantly quitted the store.

CHAPTER V.

So fled the beggar with his bandaged leg.

MR. BELL had not left me many minutes, when the puff of passion to which he had put the spunk was out, and I began to repent of my rudeness,—for rude I had been, and more so than the provocation warranted, at least it seemed so, when I came to reflect on whose service he was in, and the livery by which he was protected.

While I was in this vexed and contrite mood, meditating on the course I should take to procure a reconciliation, who should come into the store to console me but Bailie Waft, from Babelmandel. I had not seen him for some time, and although I might probably, on proposition, have eschewed a meeting, I was yet glad at his now coming, as he did, unawares upon me; for it is an infirmity of my nature to take an attachment to every thing I happen to grow

familiar with, and I really liked the bodie almost for the tribulations he had inflicted.

"How do you do, Mr. Todd?" said he, looking behind cautiously, as if he was followed, or was likely to have been overheard. "What can have come o'er the Minister? I met him stalking as it were with seven-league boots, his eyes looking up through the hair of his bushy eyebrows, his lips drawn back, and his teeth grinning like an atomy's, while his hands and arms were going like a drummer's with the fire-beat.—Gude guide us, Mr. Todd!—surely yon man's delirious!"

As the conduct of the Bailie, subsequent to the first day, had been in every way praiseworthy towards Mr. Bell, I was desirous to drop the curtain on the scene of our altercation, and to avoid saying any thing that might tend to diminish the respect with which the unfortunate man had re-inspired him. Accordingly I merely remarked in an off-hand manner, that he and I had a few words of argument about the church, which, in consequence of the rent the Methodists had offered, the Presbyterians were cut off from the chance of obtaining.

"Ah!" cried the Bailie with ten times more sagacity than I gave him credit for, "that's it!

His pride has met with another wound.—Poor man! I hope he'll no go off at the head, like a bottle of oer brisk ginger-beer when the string of the cork 's cuttit. Oh! but he must have a daily wrestling with corrupt human nature. It costs him more trouble to behave with common decorum, than it would do the like of you and me Mr. Todd, to be of the number of the four-and-twenty elders. Ay ay Mr. Todd, it's no easy to be a saint, even among the clergy, who are paid for 't. But, talking of paying, I would fain have two words with you in the sanctum of your inner place, quietly, in a sedate manner."

Without making any reply, I opened the door, and bidding Charles, who was writing at the desk, look to the store, and the Bailie to be seated in the chair, I mounted myself on the top of one of our two tall official stools.

"Really, Mr. Todd," said the Bailie, looking queerily up to me, "ye're like a kind of Godie there, condescending to lend an ear to a mortal: but it's a place that well becomes you; few men have your sagacity, few can so see behind the scenes of futurity like you: well would it be for me had I but the moiety of your discernment."

The courteous reader will discover by this

adulation, that the cunning bodie had a point to gain; and he would have but a small opinion of my judgment, and a great one of my vanity, if he can suppose I was to be wheedled from my wariness by such shallow necromancy.

"Mr. Waft," said I—my blood having been made peremptory by the arrogance of Mr. Bell—"both you and I should now be old enough to give over trying to trick one another. I see you have come to seek some advantage, so let us have no more hooky-crooky, but tell me at once the object of your visit."

"I hope, Mr. Todd, I have not come to give you any offence," was his round-about answer; "but I 'm sorry to say, that since prosperity has made you powerful, ye 're no' just so kindly in your way as ye were when your purse and heart were lighter. However, it 's no' for me, that 's come to beg a favour, to make animadversions. Ye were always a good neighbour to me, Mr. Todd, and I hope to find you so still; —but oh, Mr. Todd, I 'm a ruined man!"

"No! possible! Mr. Waft," cried I, both surprised and deeply affected, for he had got a monstrous bargain of the store and goods, and was driving as I heard a roaring trade, like a public-house on a fair day. "In the name of

mirth and melancholy, by whom are you ruined, and how did it happen?"

"Just by yoursel', Mr. Todd," said he, shaking his head; "and it happened by that black bargain, of which ye have never been able to speak with your wonted calmness and prudence. Ye see, when I took you in, as ye hae so often said, I was no astrologer; I did not see what was coming to pass, and that all the trade was to run after you to Judiville. The trade has gone clean away from Babelmandel; a customer does not darken the door of my store from Monday morning to Saturday night. The speeders break their legs the Lord only knows how; and the moths have eaten the blankets to riddles. In short Mr. Todd I 'm on the point of perishing the pack, though ye thought I had gotten both the main and the more. If you will not help me, I 'm an undone man."

This information was an affliction, it was so different from what I had been taught to believe. That the trade, and very being and substance of Babelmandel was in a decline was no news; even Napoleon, with all the capital of the Albany company, was dwindling before the genius of our town, so much more

judiciously had we been located, but still I thought, that there had been trade enough to give Mr. Waft fair encouragement.

"Oh no!" said he; "I have been selling at prime cost, and even under, ever since I saw what was coming to pass; and it was in the doing of that ruinous dealing ye thought me coining money. Alas, alas!—what would ye advise me to do?"

"I'm much grieved to hear all this, Mr. Waft; and how to help you is not easy to say. Have you any considerable part of the goods remaining on hand?"

"Ah, Mr. Todd, you have touched the sore shin of my calamity, I have but a few beggarly remnants,—oh, oh!—the best are all disposed of, and I wish they were down the water; for I could sell the store to a new settler, were I only quit of them."

Though on my guard, and not to be taken in by him a second time, I yet sympathised with his misfortune, and was disposed to help him. "What amount of articles may you have remaining?" said I.

"Oh, just a trifle, as you and Mr. Hoskins reckon, Mr. Todd; it would no' be worth a once, twice, thrice, to any opulent merchant, but it's

a Spanish galloon to a poor man. Oh, Mr. Todd, I'll be real honest with you, if ye would take them off my hand, for I never was made for making money behind a counter. Ye would, in a worldly sense, be my salvation."

Much more to the same tune and burden did he sing, until he persuaded me to take back the invalid articles at prime cost. We had not, however, well made a minute of the sale, when my mind began to misgive, for I saw glimpses of more joyous satisfaction about him when the bargain was completed than need have been, had all about it been as sound as my old friend William Cobbett's Ruta Baga.

Just as we had severally signed the minute, in came Mr. Semple of the mills and Mr. Hoskins, at the sight of whom the Bailie showed more haste to depart than accorded with his habitual curiosity to pry into other folks' affairs. They had come to invite me to take an interest in a large stand of new mills which it was proposed to erect by subscription; those which the Judiville Mill Company had brought into operation having proved eminently successful.

Mr. Semple and his partners would have constructed the proposed mills themselves, but the water-privileges of the site being still the

property of Mr. Hoskins, he would only lease them: this was one of the old man's "shots into the bush," as he called it, a spec purely on venture.

Mr. Hoskins and I being partners, before I gave any answer to the proposition, I requested a few minutes for consultation; so, leaving Mr. Semple and John Waft in the office, we walked out.

"Tell me," said I to the old man, "how it is that you help forward this plan, and why it is you lay such a restriction?"

"Let the Squire take note," replied Mr. Hoskins; "better manage two than three, and three than four, in fellowship—so forth. Now the Squire, he knows as how 'em 'ere privileges are Jerusalem fine. Well, I guess, if many go into the spec, some will fall out; and I, being the proprietor of the land, may cast 'em all into the mill-dam; and so the mills will come to my inheritors, who are to be the Squire's second crop—the boy Charles and the two girls. So the Squire, he must take a ticket too in this here lottery."

As the proposed stake was not great, I readily acquiesced, and went back to the counting-house to subscribe the paper, which was lying

open, with a number of subscribers' names on it, before Mr. Waft, who had a pencil in his hand.

The first glance of the paper showed me a name obscured by the pencil, which however I did not affect to notice, but put down Hoskins and Todd for a thousand dollars; and then, in a careless manner, I took a bit of Indian rubber, which happened to be on the desk, and cleaned the paper, revealing to view the crunkly autograph of the worthy John Waft, for one thousand dollars likewise. We had a hearty laugh at this, for we all so set upon him, that we compelled him to confess he had actually sold the sound goods, by which operation he had made that sum, as may be proved by calculation, and had all he was to get for the invalided articles, over and above, free gratis profit.

But do not let the courteous reader think that I grudged him this advantage. On the contrary, it afforded me great pleasure to see it proved that he had done so well; nor did I very sincerely revile him for his pretensions to ruin and poverty, seeing, as I have so often seen, that for one man who thrives by bragging, two grow rich by making poor mouths: so I

invited them all to go up-stairs with me, and we had a tosy glass of punch, drinking success to the new mills, and poking the sides of the Bailie with many a sharp joke, for his double dealings, all which he endured merrily, and went winking home.

CHAPTER VI.

When youth and genial years are flown,
And all the life of life is gone.

On the morning after the New Mill Company was established, the post brought me a letter from my father. My son had arrived at Bonnytown; — but I will here copy the letter, as containing a better account of all about him, than it is possible for me to write.

"Dear Lawrie,

"I indite these few lines with all haste, to relieve your anxieties. Last night, towards the gloaming, just as we were preparing to begin the worship, a young lad came to the door, inquiring for me. He said he was your son Robert; and, upon asking him several questions, I have no doubt by his answers he is. We took him in; but he had not been many minutes at the fire-side, when he began to weep

bitterly; and then he told us he had run away from New York, having killed one of his companions in a duel. My heart was broken to hear this. May the God of power and compassion support you, my son, under this heavy affliction! I need not assure you that we will take good care of the lad; and I would fain hope the thing is not so bad as he says, for his adversary was not actually dead when he left him. It is in the power of the Lord to cause him to recover, and while there is life, there is hope. Oh, Lawrie, this is a dreadful drawback on the great accounts we hear of your prosperity. Alas! what availeth all the riches of this world, or the honours thereof, if with them there are such taxes on the heart! I pray to Heaven that your affliction may be softened, and that I may be comforted with a sight of you before I quit this earthly tabernacle.

"We had a letter not long ago from your brother: he was then well, and content, though he says he has not been so lucky as you. How much reason have you to be thankful; for in what, before God, are ye better than your brother? The fly on the wall is an agent of Providence, and may have been created for greater ends than you both. My son, be ye neither

proud of yourself, nor lifted up, with your prosperity; but sift and search, that ye may know for what sin the Lord, in his displeasure, has been pleased to visit you and us all, with this bloody transgression of poor Robert your son.

"The lad, in appearance, and for his years, is very conciliatory; but the grief of his misfortune sits dark upon his spirit, and I'm wae for him, when I see him walking solitary by the Duke's dyke, on the Inveresk road, or sitting forlorn, with the tear in his eye, on the camomile bunker in the yard.

"We have not mentioned any thing of what has befallen him to the neighbours; but I thought it my duty to give the Minister an inkling, that he had not maybe, been just so steady in his business as he ought, and in the dread of your displeasure, he had come to me, till peace could be made up. The Minister, who is a real Christian, has since taken a great deal of notice of him, and has had him three times at the manse drinking tea. Dr. Muckledoze has also been condescending and attentive; all which I mention, that if we could hear good tidings of the lad left for dead, you may see that your son is well looked to among the neighbours.

"Trade has for some time been very flat, but we have the prospect of a good harvest—thank God for it! and there will be it is reported, many new buildings in Edinburgh next spring; so that, with all the ups-and-downs which I have seen in my day, I am not so daunted as I see some about me; for I think the changes in trade are just like the produce of the earth—if one year is flat, another is brisker. The average of many years, sure am I, shows an increase of our national means, the which is a notion that gives comfort to the cotters who cherish it, for it enables them to fight with poverty as bravely as ever, while the lairds and the trading farmers are every year growing more and more down in the mouth,—the natural consequence of putting more faith in corn-bills, and the devices of mortal men, than in the constancy of Divine Providence; which I trust well, my son, is not the case with you.

"Death with his scythe hath of late had a commission to visit our village: William Bachle, the old shoemaker, was removed after a sore struggle with the blind palsy; and two bairns of Mr. Tawse, the schoolmaster, were cut down like the flowers of the field with the kinkhost. But we have not been without a

compensation, the second son of John Deals, the wright, whom ye may mind at the school, has been married upon a Musselburgh lass, and Peter Esk, that likewise was at school with you they called him venturesome Pate, he enlisted for a soldier long ago, and has been many a year in India, where he raised himself to be an Ensign, or a Lieutenant; but taking the liver complaint, he has come home with more than seven thousand pounds, and lives in a fine house at Lasswade. I hope the Lord will one day put it into your heart to do the same; for I am now an aged man, and as my days cannot be long in the land, my only desire now in this world, is to see you and your brother, before I close mine eyes. No more at present, from your loving father," &c. &c.

Besides the satisfaction of hearing that my son had gone to his grandfather, and had not cast himself friendless on the unfriendly world, I was deeply affected at the affectionate wish which the letter contained, that my brother and I would visit the kind old man before he died. It revived to me many a forgotten recollection, and freshened the longing to return to my native land, which I had felt so achingly on my first arrival in America. That desire had

never ceased to languish in my bosom; sometimes it was stronger than at others; but as often as any incident occurred to remind me of my early companions, and the scenes of our harmless adventures, it brightened anew, and led my fancy into pleasing reveries, and longings to retaste the sweet waters of memory at the springs and well-heads where they first began to flow.

Often, in the stillness of the forest, have these innocent wishes come upon me, removing the heavy mantle of many years.

This invitation to revisit home was with habitual desire irresistible; and accordingly, on the same night on which I received the letter, I resolved to prepare for the methodical management of the business during my absence, and, as soon as it was in my power, to pack up my ends and awls for a voyage to Scotland. This was sooner accomplished than at first seemed practicable; for in the course of the same week, our two Bank partners, Mr. Von Haarlam and Mr. Breugle, having completed the necessary arrangements, came to form the establishment at Judiville, and upon my suggestion, it was made a point with Mr. Herbert, that he should give up the school at Babelmandel, and reside con-

stantly at the Bank; which, when my preparations were ripe, enabled me to place Charles under his directions in the store. For the effectual part of the business, the buying and selection of goods, few men were more competent than Mr. Hoskins.

And here, as I am drawing to an end with the history of my business-transactions, I ought in justice to Mr. Herbert to mention, that the final plan for the management of the Bank, which he submitted to us, was one that showed the great comprehension of his judgment. Instead of a single and independent concern, standing upon its own legs, he represented that on account of the smallness of our capital, we ought to make our notes payable at a distance, to avert the sudden consequences of a run; and that we should connect ourselves with three or four other banks, that we might be able in the same case to command their aid. These propositions were adopted. Our notes were made payable in Philadelphia, and we arranged with the Plutus Bank at Nazareth, the United Brothers' Bank at Zionville, the Thirteen Stripes Bank at Numidia, and the True-Blooded Yankee Company at Tiberiusville, that each of them should have a small share with us, though

we had none with them, thereby securing for ourselves their aid and agency. We did not deem it necessary, however, to blazon this clever scheme to the public, nor was it necessary, for the name of Mr. Breugle was itself as a mint of gold.

I have always considered the establishment of the Bank as the making of the town: other causes no doubt contributed also, and the mills essentially; but previously there had been a famine of money constantly among us, and many adventurous mechanics and tradesmen were obliged to forego their best considered plans, having not the where-withal to undertake them; but no sooner did Mr. Herbert open his doors, than a new life issued from them, quickening and stirring up the energies of all trades.

His plan of helping the credit of the tradesman was thought both liberal and wise. To the mere speculative merchants, he could not indeed be called liberal, except to such as confined themselves to particular lines of trade. He required, that besides the drawer of the bills offered for discount, there should be two endorsers; and knowing that the generality of the bills were accommodation, he required after having given credit for a certain sum, that be-

fore any new discount could be granted, the sum of twenty-five per cent. should be allowed to be deducted from the bill offered. Thus gradually redeeming the debt to the bank, while it served the customers, by enabling them always to count with confidence on the extent of the assistance which the bank would give; there being nothing so pernicious to commercial credit, as that uncertain system which discounts at one time more freely than at others. The issues of the Judiville Bank were never increased, save by aids, to new customers; or by the old ones showing good and sufficient causes to entitle them to farther accommodation.

But as the courteous reader may be a young lady, who neither cares, nor has occasion for a knowledge of banks, it behoves me to make an end of this digression.

CHAPTER VII.

——Let us go in
And charge us there upon interrogatories.

It will be recollected, when I last had occasion to speak of Mr. Oliver Cockspur, he was on horseback, and off at a Canterbury trot to see Mr. Herbert; what passed between them I have now to describe, for Mr. Herbert told me all the particulars, and I will endeavour to do so with as much brevity as is consistent with perspicuity.

Mr. Oliver found the old gentleman in the midst of his school, patiently enduring the yells in which an ignoble abcedarian, of six years, was endeavouring to express the alphabet. The young gentleman halted as he entered, and hastily threw his eyes around. He seemed a good deal affected by the scene before him; and when he went up to address the master, his emotion rendered his voice broken and indistinct.

"Although I ought to have been prepared for this," said he, "yet the place is much meaner than I expected; and, my God! Mr. Herbert, you reduced to the necessity of stooping to sow the sand, and wash the Ethiopians of beggary; for these poor creatures seem of no better parentage."

"I thank you Mr. Oliver for this kind visit," was the reply; "one must not examine too curiously the gifts of fortune. Their value can only be ascertained by comparison, and I should account myself ungrateful, if in my present condition, humble as it is, I did not feel I had received promotion. Four years ago, I came here to construct a cabin for my old age; but my arms could ill perform the toil of the axeman, and my hands by their blisters taught me that I was too late for the task. My heart was sinking, when in a fortunate moment Mr. Todd proposed to me this business. Unmeet as it may seem to my past habits, I have never repined that my lot should have been cast so lowly; for it better suits my age and my infirmities, than the ineffectual endeavour to earn a morsel by hard labour. To be enabled to become what you see I am, was a golden redemption. It is true, that the cloud which

hung so darkly on my setting, has somewhat thinned in its gloom, and that I am soon to be employed in a trust more in accordance with my former pursuits; but still had it been otherwise I was content. The spirit of adventure is dead, or ought to be, at my age."

After some farther conversation, Mr. Oliver invited him to dine with his mother on the following day; but the invitation was declined, in no manner however to give the young man any cause for dissatisfaction; on the contrary, to him it must have been highly agreeable.

"I should rejoice Mr. Oliver to accept your invitation," said Mr. Herbert, "but after the situation in which your mother and I have stood with respect to each other, and the long interval that has since elapsed, as well as the changes which have befallen me, it is necessary that I should see herself before I can have the pleasure of renewing my intercourse with your family. In the mean time, I beg to assure you that I receive with great pleasure this testimony of your friendship."

They soon after separated, and in the twilight Mr. Herbert paid me a visit, and remained for the night: his intention was to see Mrs. Cockspur in the morning.

As we were sitting by ourselves, he said, after some preliminary general remarks, "When I consider my own advanced life, and the strong objections which the young people have to their mother marrying again, I confess to you, Mr. Todd, that I think we should not proceed farther in this business; indeed, I am almost sorry we have proceeded so far."

I did not expect this: having all but accomplished the purpose I had taken in hand, it was mortifying to find an obstacle rising in a quarter where none could possibly have been anticipated. And I reasoned with Mr. Herbert against the weakness of sacrificing his prospects of happiness, either to the prejudices of the world, or of the young men.

He smiled at my earnestness, and said—

"I suspect Mr. Todd some of this zeal to see the marriage completed, is partly owing to your wish to fulfil your own undertaking; and certainly I ought earlier to have apprized you of the doubts which I now entertain of the propriety of going on with it: still it is due to Mrs. Cockspur that she should be consulted. That shall be done in the morning."

I would have persevered longer in my argument, but Mr. Herbert had a calm and firm

way of putting an end to a topic I could never overcome. He employed it on this occasion, by changing the conversation to Mr. Bell, and the ecclesiastical business of the settlement; for, among other matters that we had talked of, before entering upon his own affair, was the wrath of the Minister at being disappointed of the church, and that gradual hardening of character in him, which we had all for some time previously observed.

"I have an opinion," said Mr. Herbert, "that the poor man is not happy at home. His children appear to suffer from neglect, and there is an uncouth slovenliness about Mrs. Bell, that assorts ill with the precision and neatness of his appearance."

Having often made the same remark, I mentioned that twice or thrice, in passing their house, I had seen her looking foolishly through the window, pressing her tongue on the glass, with a red face and bleezy eyes; indeed, it was pretty generally thought in the town, that she took more than did her good. We both therefore agreed, that in compassion for the poor man's domestic misery, many of his little frisks and freaks of temper ought to be overlooked. Nobody, I am sure, could be more indulgent

towards him than I was, for few were obliged to endure more of his spurts and taunts. It may be said I brought them on myself, by taking more upon me with him than any other body; but it was for his good, and a sarcasm was an ill return for a kind intent.

While we were thus quietly conversing, a noise arose in the street; we both went to the window, and looked out to see the cause of the hobbleshaw. Alas! what did we see?—Mrs. Bell rampaging before her own door in a state of vehement intoxication, shouting, and clapping her hands like a tinkler wife broke out of bedlam. Three of her little children were pulling her into the house by her gown tail, and the eldest, a fine laddie, then about twelve years old, was also drawing her in by the arm. A crowd was assembled; but no sooner did they see the Minister, who had been taking his evening walk, coming hastily homeward, than in tender pity they dispersed themselves, as if to spare him from the grief of seeing that his misfortune was so public. We also drew in our heads, and resumed our seats, but it was some time before either of us could speak, so much were we both shocked by the humiliating spectacle. At that juncture the room door was half

opened, and Bailie Waft thrust in his head, and said,

"Hech Sirs! isna yon, a yon? Poor man! if he can keep hands off her, he's surely a saint o' the first election."

"Come in Mr. Waft," said I. "How long have matters been so awful with Mr. Bell?"

"It never kithed in such colours before," replied the Bailie; "but when they were in Babelmandel, I saw her once keeking from behind the door with a queer eye—it was very mysterious—sore has the Minister suffered. Oh! what a stang his proud heart has met with this night. Deevil's in the woman! if she were mine as she is his, I would take her by the neck and lay her head on a stone, and beat it with a beetle, till it was as flat as a pancake."

Harassed as all our feelings had been, this brave bounce of the bodie was so well set out with look and gesture, that it compelled both Mr. Herbert and me into a fit of loud laughter. At that moment, the Minister himself came into the room, with an aspect like a corpse, and his hands bloody. We started from our stools, and John Waft, giving a sudden, close, peering gaze at the dreadful hands, shook his head, and rushed out of the room.

"No gentlemen, I have not committed murder," were the first words which the poor man could utter; "but I have been fearfully tempted. Avenging Heaven! I am tried beyond my strength!"

"Mr. Bell," said Mr. Herbert, calmly, "how came that blood upon your hands?"

The wretched woman fell upon the hearth, and wounded her forehead on one of the fire-dogs. In lifting her I besmeared myself—she is not much hurt."

"Sit down and compose yourself," I was at last enabled to say; but he turned fiercely upon me, and with a deep hoarse voice cried,

"What were you laughing at?—Did you dare to laugh at my punishment—at my misery, at the shame of my babies, at the visible manifestation of the curse of God?" And with other more vehement exclamations, he burst into a laugh so horrible, so loud and wild, mingled with howls, and as it were, the rattle in the throat, that we were electrified with dread, and obliged to lay hold of him, until he was relieved by getting vent given to tears.

When some time had elapsed, and he had moderated his violence, he began to tell us, that he found his situation so uncomfortable

at Judiville, that he was determined to remove.

"I hope," said I, "it is not your intention to abandon your family?"

I do not think that there was in this any great cause for offence, and it was a natural question, seeing how truly uncomfortable the poor man was at home: for where was he to find comfort, while he had yon obstreperous randy at his side? It however had the effect of changing his pale countenance to fierce scarlet, and his eyes to fire; while Mr. Herbert, with an admonitory backward touch, warned me that I was going too far, at the same time addressing him to the following effect.

"We have seen your misfortune with painful sympathy; but, Mr. Bell, can you hope that any change of scene will change it?"

"Go where I may, that must be borne; but there is no obligation upon me to bear the purse-proud contumely of this place?"

"Nay," interposed Mr. Herbert; "I do not think that any thing of the kind has ever been shown to you, at least to justify language so unmeasured. Mr. Todd has told me that you have been disappointed in not getting the church, and in common with all your other

friends he laments it; but you should consider that he could not prevent the Methodists from being the more powerful sect in the town?"

"It was inflicting a public dishonour upon me," was the ungracious reply. "I can submit with resignation to the public humiliation which you have witnessed; but I will not allow my sacred vesture to be trodden by the vulgar like a base secularity."

Mr. Herbert was plainly discomposed by this weak sally of priestly conceit, and looked at me as much as to say, "the poor man is not in a state to be reasoned with;" but though I pitied him and his family from the bottom of my heart, I could not refrain from remarking that he did not rightly consider the case. That the church having unfortunately been made a matter of money speculation, the trustees, of whom I was one, were bound to procure the best rent for it we could, and the Methodists had, by giving the most, obtained the preference.

But it was of no use to reason with him. The world was out of joint with him; Providence had poured sand between the coat of mail and the galled skin; this irritation could not be appeased. Though he affected to make little of his calamity, as compared with the mor-

tification he had met with in being disappointed of the church, it was yet manifest that the former was the iron that had entered his soul, and which made him an object of compassion, wincing under the consciousness of being so. Truly, he was that night a man to be regarded with an eye of pity, so grievously did he struggle to put the world in the wrong, while his conscience was ever and anon pricking him with a sharp goad for having married that woman; knowing, as he ought to have done, that it was then too late to redeem his sacerdotal character from the blemish of their folly.

We talked much and long of his situation, but he appeared riveted in resolution to leave the town, and all we could that night bring him to, was a reluctant consent to complete the year with us, of which upwards of four months remained unexpired. It may be thought, considering his troublesome temper, and the small credit we had by his wife's conduct, that I need not have been so anxious to keep him; but, with all his faults, he had many good points; he was an excellent teacher, though his scholars never had the pleasant breeding of those who were taught by Mr. Herbert. In the pulpit he had few equals, either for pith or marrow;

moreover, when the memory of his early indiscretion was absent, no man could be a more conversable companion : but this is not the place to expatiate on his worth, or to show forth the more than brazen doors, and bolts and bars of adamant, wherewith he held his desperate passions in captivity.

CHAPTER VIII.

The troubles that afflict the just,
In number many be.

THERE are no fools like old ones; and so I found to my cost in the affair of Mrs. Cockspur and Mr. Herbert: after they had next day been more than two hours cooing and laying their nebs together like two young lily-white doves, he came back to me without having done any thing to the purpose;—no doubt, he had partly warned me that such was likely to be the result of the visit, but I expected, when they met, it would have proved different. It was really provoking, after the trouble I had taken, and the clever manœuvres, which with the help of Charles I had so well performed, to see the swine driven through the marriage without rhyme or reason.

"I have had," said he, when he returned—

"I have had a satisfactory explanation with Mrs. Cockspur."

"I'm rejoiced to hear it," was my answer: "and have you fixed the day? and when is it to be?"

"Not so fast Mr. Todd: to speak in your own style, aged persons must walk slowly; we both agreed considering the objections of her family—"

"Dear me, Mr. Herbert," cried I, almost in a pet with him, "what for did ye consider them at all? Ye ought to have done no such thing, but just after a couthy-crack about auld lang syne, and the well and the woe ye have met with, come to a catastrophe, and settled the day. But what have ye done?"

"And considering that we are ourselves both old—"

"Old! that's the very reason why the wedding should be soon; you have no time to lose."

"Yes, Mr. Todd; and it is also the reason why it ought not to be at all. Since Heaven has been pleased to bring us together at a period when all pretence to passion on either side would be ridiculous, we can pass the brief

remainder of our days in the reciprocities of friendship."

"Snuffies of friendship!—ye'll be taking a pinch out of her box, saying, 'That's excellent rappee!' and then she'll praise yours much, and say, 'Hech, what a fine Maccaba!'—reciprocities, indeed! Mr. Herbert, you have disappointed me; I thought ye had more spunk—I have a great mind to cut you out."

Although all this on my part was said half in jest, I was yet seriously disturbed; but a moment's reflection instructed me that I ought to leave the tender pair—the innocent three-scorelings—now that their intercourse was renewed, to the effects of time and opportunity. Accordingly, after some farther light conversation, we gradually slided from the purpose of marriage to talk of my intention of revisiting my father, which we agreed might be easily carried into effect in the course of the following spring, and therefore it was determined that night that Mr. Herbert should finally come to Judiville without farther delay.

In the mean time, the wing which was adding to the premises of Hoskins and Todd, for the accommodation of the Bank, had been nearly finished, and notice given to the inhabitants of

Babelmandel when the school would be closed there, in order that they might provide themselves in time with another master. This took place when the final arrangements for opening the Bank were made, but no master had yet offered, which vexed me a good deal, for it is pitiable to see how soon the seeds of original sin sprout up in the dispositions of the young, if they are not early placed under the pruning care of a teacher. I felt the more too for the Balmandels as we called them, from Mr. Hoskins, because I had been myself instrumental in drawing Mr. Herbert from amongst them. This induced me to put a notice in "THE JUPITER," our newspaper, offering the sum of twenty dollars to any capable man, with an unblemished character, who would undertake the management of the school, in order to lessen in some measure the loss which my old neighbours were about to sustain. Several candidates made their appearance, and among others Dr. Murdoch, the editor of the paper.

I was a good deal surprised when he proposed himself, for the printing concern and the book store were both thriving; besides, he was not the kind of man I was inclined to encourage, for like the poor Minister's wife, he had fallen

into a way of drinking, and I had seen him myself standing in a hovering state, with unsettled eyes, behind the half door of the store, and with an extraordinary waistrie of snuff on his starchless and dangling bosom frill. Rather however than the school should remain void, I had half made up my mind to arrange with him for a quarter of a year, and to give him the twenty dollars, when Bailie Waft, who had heard something of what was intended, came to me.

"Megsty me," quoth the Bailie, "there can be no veracity in yon story, that every body 's talking about."

"What story?" said I.

"That convinces me," replied he; "I knew it could not be true that you would give a sum of money to the like of yon bamboozled gill stoup, Dr. Murdoch, to take up the school at Babelmandel. It would be a great weakness, Mr. Todd, and a blemish in the side of your clear and bright character—so I said when I heard it, and so I tell to yoursel, for ye'll never find me making a fool of a gentleman behind his back."

"Really Mr. Waft I fear there is more truth in it than I could wish there had been;

but no agreement yet has been made; it's as yet but a talk," was all the answer I could make him.

"Well, I'm blithe to hear that," was his sage-like response; "but, Mr. Todd, surely there is no such instance in the business that ye could no wait and look about you. For although ye may not be able to find such a sensible and composed orderly man as Mr. Herbert; and I'll no' dispute that Dr. Murdoch may not have a sediment of philosophy and other dead languages; still, it's no' an impossibility, I should think, in my weak judgment, to find somebody that could do better than him. Babelmandel, as every body may tell with half an eye, has not been ordained to be a metropolitan city, and of course can have but little occasion for the mathematical branches of learning; plain cleading does very weel for plain folk, and less must serve my neighbours for their dominies than gentlemen and colleginers, though the latter should be divort."

I had seldom heard the Bailie speak more to the purpose, and I told him that his remarks were judicious, and deserving of consideration.

"I wish to goodness, Bailie," said I, "that ye had been qualified to take up the school;

but you probably would not like the business, which I can well understand is most troublesome."

"No doubt it is a very fashious trade that of schoolmaistering either bardy lassies or birkey boys, and it would take something to bribe me to undertake it; but rather than see our school defiled with yon firikin of foul stuff, I dinna know what I would not do. Deed, Mr. Todd, we're in a critical jeopardy."

"It however concerns you less than many others Mr. Waft, you who have no bairns," said I: "but it's natural to have some anxiety on a matter of such importance, for education comes home to every man's business and bosom."

"You may well say business," replied he; "how could it be managed without education? was it not owing to the want of it, that our ancestors and forbears, instead of keeping shops, and dealing with shears and ell-wands, rummaged the country in broad daylight, lifting the blackmail, and herrying the webs and yarn of the country wives, paying for all with bills on Rob Roy? Truly, Mr. Todd, it's a pestilent thing to think that the bairns of Babelmandel should be so neglected. I'm sure, if I could afford it—but I cannot afford to give my time

gratis—I would take up the school at once, until ye provide a better; I can learn the poor things reading, 'riting, and 'rithmetic, and counting as far as the rule of three, which is just as much as the likes of them require; but it would be a black burning shame to hear of yon daizt Doctor, flagellating them without clemency in his fits of bottle-bravery. Surely, Mr. Todd, ye 'll never be so far left to yoursel' as to engage him."

In this way did the crafty bodie work upon me, who did not discern his intent for a long time, until he seduced me to propose to him to engage for a quarter, and to allow him, in addition to the wages, no less than thirty dollars cash down.

No sooner had I completed the bargain and signed the minute, than I was quite sure he would contrive some way of getting free of the obligation before the quarter was ended, however, he set out very industriously.

One day, I thought it my duty to take a sail in our waggon with Mr. Herbert to see how the school was coming on. The Bailie was proud of our visit, and told us, among his methods, that he taught his pupils to understand what they read; and to show us in what

manner this was done, he caused the boys to read different verses of Scripture, and then to expound what they had read.

The first examined was a laddie, the son of Scotch parents, and there being something in the verse about meat,

"Noo, Jemmie," said the Professor, "tell the gentlemen what's meat."

"It's porridge," replied the boy.

"Very well, Jemmie, you may sit down;" and then Willy Marshall, another of the like parentage, was called up. In his task he read of the miry clay.

"Noo, Willy, that's very well read; but expound to the gentlemen what the Psalmist, King Dauvit, ye ken, means by the miry clay."

"Glaur," said the boy. "Very intelligible indeed," observed Mr. Herbert to the smirking instructor; "but it would be equally advantageous to the boys, if they were taught orthography — spelling — I should say, rather than such abstruse learning."

"Especially," added I, "as they may have more occasion for it."

"If ye're no pleased with my ways and methods," exclaimed the offended dominie, "ye may just take the school off my hands. I'm

ready to give it up at a moment's warning, and I do give it up. It 's a most fashious business; I rue the day I ever had any thing to do with it; I wash my hands of the concern: I leave you in possession, Mr. Todd,—good morning!" With these words he made his exit in a huff, leaving Mr. Herbert and me standing in a state of consternation, looking at each other as if we had been two effigies on a tomb. I ought however not to have been so surprised, for it was what I expected, though it came rather sooner to pass than I reckoned; he had not then been quite a month installed, and in addition to my thirty dollars, he had received a quarter's payment from the children:—Was he not really a pest?

CHAPTER IX.

——Trifles, light as air,
Are, to the jealous, confirmations strong
As proofs of Holy Writ.

AMONG other judicious measures which Mr. Hoskins early adopted to promote the prosperity of his town, was the erection of a tavern on a handsome scale, nigh to our own premises. Between this building, and the house where Mr. Bell resided, a considerable space was reserved, in case the tavern should require to be enlarged. In the mean time, the increase of the town had been unexampled; and a number of the carpenters and other mechanics, encouraged by that circumstance, had united to build the Eagle Hotel, on the other side of our store, for the site of which they paid the old man a liberal price. This rendered it improbable that the vacant ground adjoining to *the Mansion-house*, as his tavern was called, would ever be wanted; and, in consequence, he sold it for

three steadings, on which brick buildings were to be erected.

It happened, as an accommodation to Mr. Bell, that he had been allowed to take a part of this vacant ground into his garden, without however any formal arrangement having been made with him respecting it; and it also happened, on the sale, that by one of those inadvertencies not so rare as to become remarkable, Mr. Hoskins omitted to tell him of the change in the property. Thus it fell out, as the Minister lived in a very abstracted way from hearing news, that the purchasers began their preparations for building, before he was aware the ground had been sold. It was also unlucky, that on the day immediately preceding, his garden had been dressed, and a few rose-bushes and flowering shrubs which he had procured, had been trimmed and newly-fastened to the fence. This was not all; the day fixed for the commencement of the operations was that on which I had accompanied Mr. Herbert to inspect the school at Babelmandel; Mr. Hoskins was also absent on business at Napoleon.

It is unnecessary to inform the courteous reader, that workmen have but little respect to

obstacles in their way. The men employed to dig the foundation of the houses had none for Mr. Bell's garden-fence; and accordingly, the first thing they betook themselves to in the morning, was to pull it down, without even saying to him "by your leave." The consequence was, that when he beheld the havoc, he set it down in the book of his mind as a premeditated insult, and came straight to the store to complain of the wanton waste, and the contempt with which he had been treated. But I was absent, and Mr. Hoskins was absent; he therefore concluded we had both gone out of the way to avoid him. Considering the general irritated state of his feelings, and the recent exasperation he had suffered from the cup-capers of his wife in the public street, this affair, in which no man could be said to have been blameable, at least intentionally, was felt as grievous wrong—contumely embittered with misfortune.

Two or three days after the visit to Babel-mandel, as Mr. Herbert and I were sitting in the evening by ourselves, having partaken of some refreshment, Mrs. Hoskins and the girls being that evening with Mrs. Cockspur, learning manners and drinking tea, Mr. Bell came in. The first glimpse I had of his countenance con-

vinced me that something had gone awry with him; and as he was unreasonable when excited, I resolved to say but little, and to let Mr. Herbert manage the conversation. It was well I did so, for he at once so addressed himself to me in the imperative mood, that my determined forbearance was almost flung to the wind.

"Where is this, Mr. Todd, to end?" said he, without sitting down. "My misfortunes furnish you with merriment; the disgrace of my helpless family is the subject of your laughter; my own errors, which if penitence could atone for error, ought to be forgotten, barb your envenomed taunts: you bestow favours upon me, in order that by publicly tearing them back you may expose me to the derision of the world. Sir, you are ingenious in your oppression; but, though you evaded my just reproaches, I have come to make you know that I shall not be injured with impunity."

This frantic accusation seemed so like the rave of actual insanity, that the indignation it at first provoked was changed into compassion; and I replied with solicitation in my voice,

"Sit down, Mr. Bell, and let us understand in what you have been wronged, and how I have incurred reproaches that would make me

base indeed, if any truth were in them. That you are very unhappy has long been evident to all your friends, but—"

"I trouble no one with my unhappiness," exclaimed the unfortunate man, his rage almost mastering his faculty of speech. "I bear in silence and solitude the anguish of the curse that clings to me; but I will not submit to wrong."

Here Mr. Herbert interposed, and said, in his mild and gracious manner, "It is evident, Mr. Bell, that there is some misconception on your part. You are angry upon supposition: it is not creditable to give way to such violence, when you may be so easily satisfied. Explain in what you conceive yourself aggrieved, and I am sure, if wrong has been done, it will be speedily redressed."

The firm sedate quietude of Mr. Herbert could never be resisted, and Mr. Bell acknowledged its influence by immediately taking a seat, and looking earnestly first at me and then at Mr. Herbert, awed, but more in seeming stupor than in deference. He then rubbed his forehead with his hand, and after a long pause, said with emotion—

"I sometimes doubt, gentlemen, if I am

what I was; all day an inexplicable impetus has been upon me.—Merciful Heaven! what if I be indeed mad!"

"Endeavour my good friend," rejoined Mr. Herbert, "to state calmly what has befallen you. We feel for you Mr. Bell, but there must be fault or error in the cause of your present irritation; for, while we are grieved to see you so agitated, we cannot sympathize with the vehemence into which you have been betrayed."

While Mr. Herbert was speaking I perceived a great change upon the countenance of the poor man: the maniac wanness of his complexion became slightly tinged with red; his flashing eyes filled with tears, and his livid and quivering lips became of their wonted colour. He then attempted to recapitulate his supposed injuries, but as he proceeded, the story appeared so inconclusive, and to hang so loosely together, that he evidently felt he had magnified its incidents to himself, and paused in embarrassment. It was however but for a moment, for he immediately said, with a pathetic simplicity that penetrated the heart, "Surely this is not all?" and he wept like a sorrowful child.

I rose and took his hand, and assured him of my respect and kind regard. I beseeched him to drive from him every idea of his humiliation being treated with levity by me or any of his friends, and concluded by saying, that I trusted Heaven would mitigate his afflictions.

"In what way can it?" cried he, wildly, "unless I do what your alarm at my bloody hands has put into my head. I am haunted by a fiend, urging me to choke her by the throat."

Mr. Herbert lifted his shuddering hands at this sad confession. I was so stunned, that I reeled from the spot, and had almost fallen on the floor, when a frightful scream, instantly succeeded by shouts and howls, rose in the street, and recalled me to myself. A momentary glance at the Minister told me that the turbulence was caused by his wife, for at the sound, he had instantaneously crossed his legs, bent his head, and covering his face with his hands, cramped himself up with a terrific energy into a knot.

The noise out of doors spread louder and wilder, it became tumultuous, and then there was a long yelling howl, as if the multitude

were running in pursuit of something: it suddenly ceased, and cries and piercing shrieks of terror and alarm arose.

Mr. Herbert at once guessed the cause, and immediately went out; I would have followed, but could not leave Mr. Bell in the fearful state he was in.

"I fear Sir," said I, "this uproar has something to do with your sorrow."

He took no notice, but crouched himself, if it were possible, into closer concentration, while he trembled all over like the aspen-tree.

"Shall I leave you Mr. Bell, to ascertain what is going on?"

"There 's no need, no need, no need," was his hurried and painful answer, without slackening his constraint, or changing his position.

After a considerable pause, I said diffidently, "Perhaps, Sir, you might get her home?"

"Ha, fiend!" cried he, starting with the fury and looks of a demon, "tempt me no farther! God, snatch me from this burning;" and he cast himself violently down, and lay for some time on the floor, panting as if he had escaped from some terrible struggle.

I could give him no assistance, but I stood over him, hoping, as the noise was subsiding,

he would gradually also become calmer, when the shrill cries were heard of two children in distress, passing under the windows. He was startled, he listened, his vehement breathing was suspended, and he attempted to rise.

"They are mine! they are mine!" he exclaimed, with accents of inexpressible anguish, and fell back insensible. In that condition he remained for some time: as he began to recover, the uproar took a new turn; the sound of many feet was heard hurrying in the street, and sudden, short, low, deep mutterings, as of people in horror and great haste.

"What is that?" cried he; "in the name of Heaven, what has happened?"

"Oh, my mother!" at the same instant cried his eldest boy, thundering on the door. "My mother has thrown herself into the ferry-boat, and pushed off into the middle of the stream—she will be over the falls—nobody can help her."

The miserable husband leaped up, and was instantly out of the house, followed by his son; I too ran to the river's brink.

CHAPTER X.

——— If you e'er marry,
May you meet a good wife.

THE stream ran so strong at the ferry that the boat was taken across by the force of the current acting on the helm, counteracted by a rope, on which she swung like a pendulum. Close below the ferry, the old bridge was then being constructed from the opposite bank of the river; but the rope was not long enough to allow the boat to reach it, which the infatuated woman had, in her madness, embarked to do. Jumping on board, she pushed into the stream, and not being acquainted with the use of the rudder, was presently in the middle of it, where the boat hung at the end of the rope, a few feet above the bridge.

When we reached the bank of the river, the devoted creature, incapable of returning as of proceeding, and equally so of reaching that

portion of the bridge by which she might have attained the opposite shore, was standing triumphing and clapping her hands in the odious foolery of boastful drunkenness. A great crowd of alarmed and disgusted spectators stood in silence on the shore. The peril of her situation had hushed their ribaldry, and they awaited her fate, many expressing their indignant wishes that it might be speedily consummated.

In the mean time, several young men had gone up the river to the Napoleon Ferry, with ropes, to cross to the opposite side, in order to assist her from the bridge, and they reached the bridge just as we came in sight. They were not long in flinging an end of the rope to her, which they called to her to fasten to the boat-ring; Mr. Herbert entreated them not to be in such haste, for she was in no condition to fasten it properly, and begged and prayed, though the evening was closing, to let her remain as she was, until her reason was in some degree recovered. This advice they heeded not, but took their own way.

After some three or four attempts, she succeeded in catching the rope, but refused to fasten it at all. She then cast the boat's rope loose, and instantly was swung round beyond

the end of the finished part of the bridge. The young men called aloud " hold fast," the spectators echoed the cry, but regardless of them, the wretch shouted " who 's afraid ?" and dropping the rope, was hurled down the stream. Instantly the crowd was wildly in motion. The great falls were little more than a mile below; the banks, ragged and tusky with fallen trees, were in few places accessible; but, insensible to her danger, she stood erect in the boat, hallooing and rejoicing, while every witness was overwhelmed with horror.

The young men who were on the opposite side of the river, as well as those who were in the crowd on ours, kept pace with the boat, and by a bold effort, one of them flung an end of their rope on board, and it was seized, but only for an instant; for the jerk, in catching, tugged it out of her grasp. At that moment she seemed to be awakened to her fate, for she uttered a wild cry, and sat down, coweringly in the boat.

All this time her miserable husband, with his hands clasped, and followed by their wailing children, was endeavouring to keep up with the increasing speed of the devoted boat: at last we came in sight of the spray of the falls,

and the verge of the cataract. The crowd stood still; the boat shot down the rapids above the falls like an arrow from the bow—between the rapids and the falls was the level part of the stream, the same where we, in our excursion, laid hold of the sunken tree. There was nothing in it then.

For a moment, at the foot of the rapid, the boat seemed to make a pause, and the victim started up, evidently sobered, and by her gestures, sensible of her inevitable doom: so we all concluded, for the noise of the cataract drowned her voice. But in that pause there was no hope; a vortex in the eddy swept the boat back into the stream. Mr. Bell grasped my arm—and in an instant she was launched into the cloud of spray, and disappeared for ever.

Before I had half recovered from the shock of this woeful spectacle, some one plucked me by the coat tail. I turned quickly round. It was Bailie Waft. "What do you think of that?" said he; "is not that a judgment?" I pushed him indignantly from me, and returned with Mr. Bell into the town.

It would have been a vain parade to have said one word of condolence to the afflicted Mi-

nister, whose agitated and warring feelings were abundantly obvious. But though it was a most tragical catastrophe, no sincere human being could deny it was a gentle, nay, a desirable dispensation.

Between that accident and the period of my departure for Scotland, which was fixed to take place in the February of the following spring, nothing of particular note occurred either to me or to the town, which continued to progress in a most surprising manner.

I made with Mr. Herbert satisfactory arrangements for my absence, which, though I intended it should not exceed six months, I provided, in case of accidents, for a year. For who knows, said I to him, but I may find some buxom widow, or economical spinster, willing to come out with me to America? and for that chance it behoved me to have a few spare weeks to come and go upon. Many a true prophecy is uttered in light words: at that time, every idea of marrying again was far from my imagination; indeed, I was early after my arrival in America, made sensible that a man in a foreign country should choose his wife from among the daughters thereof.

When the time appointed for my departure

arrived, I set out in a waggon, as concerted; to take my passage from New York, attended by the good wishes of all my acquaintance. This was an occasion which Bailie Waft could not miss; he was there in the assembled crowd, and as the waggon drove off, he came shouting after it, crying,

"Mr. Todd, Mr. Todd, mind yon, dinna forget yon."

"What!" cried I, stopping the vehicle.

"To bring a wife with you."

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY SAMUEL BENTLEY,
Dorset-street, Fleet-street.

